

PRE-PUBLICATION BOOK BONUS Agent Don Larson's Lone-Wolf Assignment To Smash a Gold Smuggling Ring

THE SEVEN SEA HELL RUN

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"Terrific!...It'll make 1971's best sex-and-adventure picture"—Story Editor, Apex Studios

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By Dr. Benjamin Lain

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All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.

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SEX LIFE OF A MAID

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If you wanted to substitute beer for sea water, it would take roughly 134,400,000 12-ounce bottles of brew to float a battleship the size of the USS Missouri...

AIR OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC IS TWICE AS DIRTY AS IT WAS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY...

There are some call girls who specialize in just necking and petting--believe it or not! They draw a huge trade from men and teen-agers who really are afraid to have intercourse, but are willing to indulge in all varieties of foreplay, up to and including orgasm. They will kiss, touch, caress, hug--all the things they'd do with a "regular" date--yet never demand or try to complete the arousal stage with intercourse. Oral sex, mas-

turbatory techniques, just plain old-fashioned petting are completely satisfactory to the men, and the girls sure aren't complaining. It gives them one more "specialty" in their bag of tricks...

MEN IN UNIFORM

A GI who knows all the angles has written a book telling other soldiers how to fly around the world for free. "Guide to Military Space-Available Air Transportation" details exactly where to pick up flights, how to go about it, how to take your family along...

PENTAGON TOYING WITH IDEA OF PLANTING ENOUGH SENSOR DEVICES ACROSS SOUTH VIETNAM'S 900-MILE BORDER SO THAT NO LARGE-SCALE INVASION COULD TAKE PLACE UNDETECTED...

Navy set to check out a special unit composed of about a dozen porpoises. Their job? To provide underwater information for a spy-and-detect network the Navy is setting up. Amazing porpoises respond to training programs with intelligence nearly matching humans...



CLOAK-AND-DAGGER DOZEN

NATIONAL GUARD UNITS MAY RECEIVE NEW TYPE GAS CANNISTERS FOR USE IN RIOTS. GAS WILL BE CONTAINED IN A CRAZY-BOUNCE RUBBER BALL THAT WILL MAKE IT TOUGH FOR RIOTERS TO PICK UP AND TOSS BACK AT GUARDSMEN...

Trend in military is away from "Mickey Mouse" regulations and more towards things like allowing moustaches, sideburns, "rock" service clubs, liquor, beer dispensed in service clubs and barracks, etc. Idea is to make the ser-

continued on page 46

Start Making **BIG MONEY FAST!** in **UPHOLSTERY** and **SLIP COVERS!**

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Leon Master, Trozelville, Pa.



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Richard Feleay, Topeka, Kansas



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Just rush in free coupon and I will send you proof that you too can own a
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HE GAINS 16 POUNDS

BEFORE: Walter Leno, Jr. was
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methods and in just 14 days
put on 16 pounds, 2½" on his
arms and 2½" on his chest!

**IT CAN HAPPEN
TO YOU, TOO!**

IN ONLY 30 DAYS



HE GAINS 25 LBS.

BEFORE: Paul Carmody weighed
a skinny 135 lbs. with
"toothpick" arms and a shallow
chest. He longed to be big
and strong.

AFTER: Paul put himself under
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muscular lbs. in 30 days,
adding 1½" to his arms,
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right away to build a handsome new "Take-
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**YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION
— NOTHING TO BUY!**

LAST

LAUGHS



"Have you no decency? My husband was only buried this morning . . . come back tonight."

A man met his ex-wife at a cocktail party, and warmed up by the drinks, suggested they have another try at marriage.

"Over my dead body," said the woman haughtily.

"My error," said her former husband. "I see you haven't changed a bit."



After a wild night, the young man asked his pretty companion, "Do you tell your mother everything you do?" "Certainly not," she replied. "Mother doesn't care. It's my husband who's inquisitive."



The convict made a long-planned escape. Immediately radio and newspaper bulletins were sent out to all media and police. The convict managed to sneak into his apartment house, where he rang the bell. His wife answered the door and glared at him.

"Where have you been?" she demanded. "You escaped eight hours ago."



An elderly man was shooting craps at a Las Vegas dice table. Before each throw he would blow on the dice. He became more and more excited and finally blew so hard that he blew out his upper plate and it landed on the dice table.

The pit boss removed his own upper plate laid it down beside the shooter's plate and said quietly, "Shoot, you're faded."

It was on their wedding night that a new bride said to her bridegroom: "No, you're not the first, but if it's any consolation to you, neither were a lot of other guys!"



A businessman in love with a nightclub entertainer employed a detective agency to check up on her. He received the following report: "The young lady has an excellent reputation. Her past is without a blemish. She has many friends of good standing. The only scandal associated with her is that she has often been seen lately with a businessman of a questionable character."



"What are you doing with that girl in the pitch dark, Jimmy?" asked the mother.

"Nothing, mother," replied Jimmy. "Absolutely nothing."

"I swear," said the mother, "you're getting more and more like your father every day!"



A soldier in a carrier pigeon outfit was singing one day as he was cleaning out the cages.

A passing officer commented, "Don't tell me you enjoy doing that?"

"Sir," replied the soldier, "before I transferred here, I was in the cavalry."

As the attractive young waitress served the soldier he said to her, "There's a real good movie at the local theatre tonight and I'd hate to go alone."

"I'll ask the boss," she smiled. A few moments later she returned with her boss and said, "I talked him into going with you."



"I'm in love with you, nurse, and when I get better and get out of this hospital bed—"

"You're not going to get better," said the nurse. "Your doctor is in love with me, too."



An army officer had a little girl who was always introducing herself as "General Smith's daughter". Her mother thought this sounded snobbish and told her she should simply refer to herself as Betty Smith. That afternoon she was playing in her front yard when a lady came by and gushed, "My goodness! you're General Smith's daughter aren't you?"

"I thought I was," replied the little girl, "but Momma says no."

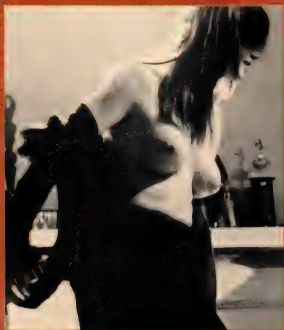


"Do you know what virgins dream about?" said Pete to the blonde.

"No. What?" asked the blonde. "I suspected as much," said Pete.



"WHY WE LOVE BEING CALL GIRLS"



BARBARA: "I didn't know I was to get paid. I even tried giving the guy back his \$75 the very next day."

SANDY: "I used to be 'the other woman' in phony divorce raids. Then one guy offered 100 extra to bail."



MARGARET: "I needed cash for an apartment, but I would have done it for nothing, it felt so good!"

DOROTHY: "When you're black and grow up in Harlem you have to ante it up fast to pay for your 'habit.'"



"How did a nice girl like you get into a lousy racket like this?" Every whore has heard that question a thousand times. In their answers are the reasons they don't want "out."

as taped by DR. CHARLES BLACKROCK

FIVE women were sitting in my office on Central Park West in Manhattan last December 3. They all had one thing in common—they were prostitutes. They had been asked there to answer one question and discuss their separate answers together.

The question: Please describe your first sex experience for pay and tell how it came about.

A simple question. It evoked simple and direct answers, as found in the edited taped dialogue which follows here.

Sandra St. Paul. Age 23. Long, honest blonde hair. Near-black eyes which languish. Prefers to be called Sandy. Lives on Sutton Place, N.Y., N.Y.

Dorothy Birch. Age 20. Looks 16. Young, tender-looking, black. Many professionals have a gimmick which they sell. Dorothy Birch's is youth. Still lives in Harlem, but in one of the new luxury high rise buildings there.

Margaret Baum. Age 24. Tall. Red hair, neck-length. Lanky body; breasts (*Continued on page 60*)



ELENA: "I was a 13-year-old virgin back in the old country when my father sold me to a Mafia pimp for a stinking \$100."



Gen. Lewis Brereton

THE DEADLY
U.S. AIR FORCE
1800-MAN
SUICIDE GAMBLE

WORLD WAR TWO's GREATEST AIR RAID

By LEN GUTTRIDGE





It was a 2700-mile zero-altitude mission, minus any fighter protection, that could wipe the Ninth Air Force off the books. But the Ploesti oil field had to be hit!

NO OTHER Libyan dawn had seen such a sight. Two monster plumes of orange-pink dust, thickening in the prop-wash of each takeoff, marked the adjacent airstrips of Benghazi and Benina. "Pregnant cows" were escaping each spiral cloud at two-minute intervals, climbing for 2,000 feet altitude, maneuvering into massed groups of stepped-up three-plane V's until whole formations were circling far above the desert dust in orderly impatience for departure. Boldly silhouetted against the blood-red sunrise, the planes seemed suddenly to no longer deserve their caustic nickname, became instead more proudly identifiable as Consolidated B-24 Liberator bombers of the U.S. Ninth Air Force.

By 7:10 A.M. the 376th and 93d Bombardment Groups (Heavy) were aloft, some seventy fat and slab-sided aircraft shaping course northward over the cobalt-blue Mediterranean, and the 98th Group was climbing into position behind them. At 7:40 came *Kickapoo's* turn for takeoff. Squinting through plexiglass into the dusty wake of the already airborne, Lieutenant Bob Nespor gave all four motors maximum gun. *Kickapoo* lumbered down (Continued on page 70)



Massive fireballs danced over Ploesti's shattered installations as crippled B-24 Liberators wobbled down to 50 feet and unloaded their 500-pound bombs.



A dramatic, high-contrast illustration in a painterly style. A man in a dark suit is shown falling through the air, his body angled towards the viewer. His expression is one of intense focus and determination. Below him, a dark-colored vintage car is depicted in a state of motion, possibly crashing or driving rapidly, with motion lines and splashes around it. The background is a mix of dark, swirling colors and architectural details, suggesting an urban or industrial setting. The overall tone is gritty and action-oriented.

Trapped on board, he couldn't call on Interpol for help. He was in a deadly race to crack the smugglers' secret before one of their mysterious attempts on his life proved successful.

**Agent Larson's Lone-Wolf Assignment
To Smash A Gold Smuggling Ring**

THE SEVEN SEA

By W. J. SABER

DON Larson was walking back to his ship docked in Marseilles' New Harbor. This was his first visit but the port wasn't so large that he was lost or confused. The masts of the freighters were visible above the houses. The streets were a bit tricky though, laid out in an irregular pattern, and he cut down a narrow one that seemed to lead where he was going.

It was the narrowness of the street that made him hear the footsteps behind him. His first instinct was to lose the pursuer, but he realized he could run right into a trap. On his right side was a solid stone wall two stories high, a factory or a warehouse. To the left it was all brick, the backs of shops, with roofs standing down. He could grab the edge but he just might get caught hanging there. So he did what he should have done in the first place; he turned and faced the man following him.

He was slender with a steel-and-leather slenderness, a sharp face and tall for a Frenchman. He walked gracefully even though his hands were in his pockets. The surprising thing was that despite the disparity between him and Don (Continued on page 92)

Larson had just enough time to swing his legs high in the whorehouse doorway as the car flipped, exploding in flames.

Art by Samson Pollen

HELL RUN

PRE-PUBLICATION
BOOK BONUS 19



"Checked-Out" Items That Can Kill You



HOW BIG BUSINESS



Almost every item sold today is loaded for death—thanks to don't-give-a-damn manufacturers and a U.S. Congress that won't get tough.



STILL DODGES



By ROBERT LAGUARDIA

"I can't get over the feeling that it was my fault. I only left her for a few minutes, but that was too long. When I came in, when I heard the screams, her body was already wrapped in flames. I wrapped her in my coat and tried to beat the fire out with my hands, but it seemed to take forever . . . Now she's going to be scarred for life, but we're lucky we got her back. Most kids with second and third-degree burns all over their backs and chests and arms like that don't survive at all . . ."

"I had no idea the pajamas would burn like that. There was no label, no warning of any kind. I thought the Federal safety standards took care of all of that . . . I'll tell you the truth. If I didn't know what I know, if I hadn't been through what I've been through, the next time I bought flannel things for her, I'd buy the same thing. I think most parents would. People don't realize. And the manufacturers get away with murder, because they don't realize."

"Still, I can't get over the feeling it's my fault. If only I had known . . ."

THAT'S Thomas C. Woodrow talking, 35-year-old steel worker in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He's telling you how his six-year-old daughter, Debby, nearly died in flames last year, from an accident any kid could have.

There has been a law on the books governing the flammability standards for fabrics since 1967. Nobody has ever done anything to enforce it. Reason?—"The manufacturers

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCT SAFETY

SEX LIFE OF A MOTORCYCLE MAMA

"I can't even imagine not riding behind Harry, feeling his Harley right up into my groin, knowing my old man will ball me once we settle for the night." Here's the amazing, inside story of how "bike" girls live.

FIFTEEN motorcycles rode in a large, slow circle around me as I started to strip. On each bike, a half-naked girl clung to the driver.

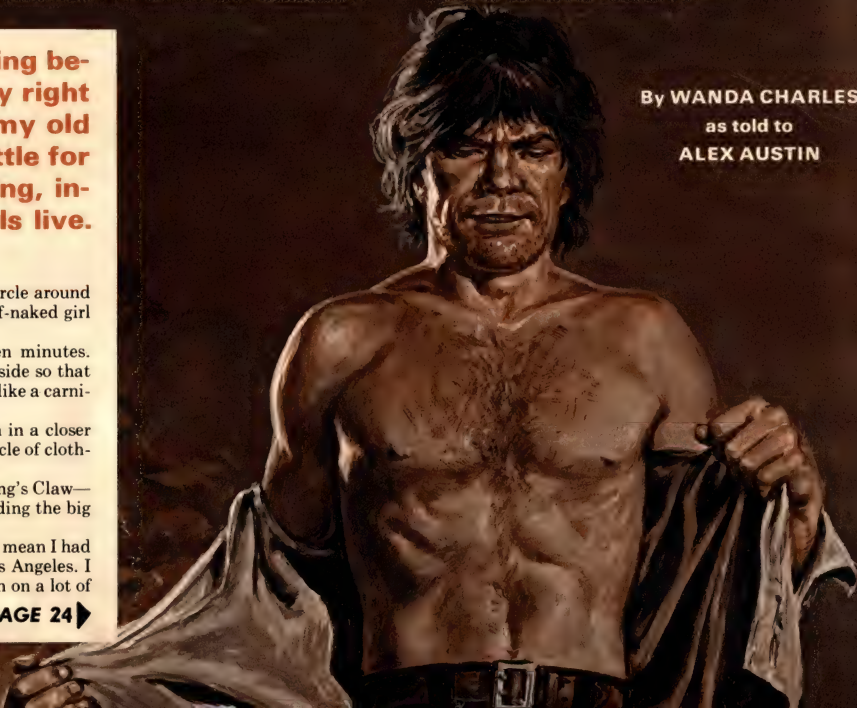
They rode around me this way for almost ten minutes. Then they stopped and parked the bikes on one side so that they all made a bank of floodlights that lit me up like a carnival dancer.

The fifteen riders and their girls then sat down in a closer circle around me as I continued removing one article of clothing after another.

That was the start of my initiation into The King's Claw—the roughest motorcycle gang in California, including the big shots who call themselves Hell's Angels.

I'd been making the bike scene for over a year. I mean I had one old man who was an Angel down around Los Angeles. I made it with him for over six months and I was in on a lot of

By **WANDA CHARLES**
as told to
ALEX AUSTIN



CONTINUED ON PAGE 24 ►

They circled as I stripped, then when the
action began, flooded us with headlights.
Art by Earl Norem





Members come from all over to take part in initiating a new girl into the gang.



Once the gang has rendezvoused, there's lots of horseplay before the main event.



This photo, sneaked out of an initiation, shows biker looking over a newcomer.

SEX LIFE OF A MOTORCYCLE MAMA

their action. But it wasn't until I moved over to Harry that I became a real gang "mama" and there's one big difference, mister, between a girl who just hangs around and a "mama".

A "mama" isn't on the outside, looking in, dragging along behind; she's on the inside of it, like one of the guys. The kicks are too crazy to believe. You're right on top. But you've got to show them you belong there.

That's what the initiation's for. I knew that. If I chickened out of anything that was going to happen, that'd be it. Goodbye, lady, nice to see you.

So I started stripping, standing in the middle of that circle.

We were up in the hills above Malibu, a nice soft spot, good grass—on the ground and to smoke both. They had the lights from their bikes on the center of the circle where I was, coming from one side.

I wanted to make it good. I wanted to make every stud there crawl before I was done.

I'd dressed for the occasion. Under my jeans and shirt, I'd put on my fancy silks—black bra and bikini panties and garter belt and the stockings every guy digs. I know that much about how a girl should dress.

When I took off the shirt and they saw the fancy bra, they yelled and whistled and I knew I was on my way. I walked over to where my old man, Harry, was sitting on the ground, and to show like he was first in line, I dropped the shirt into his lap. Then I removed the bra and handed it to him. He pulled me down and gave me a long good kiss, I guess maybe to show everybody else who the chick belonged to.

I had them howling when I got down to just the gar-

ter belt and stockings and my boots. I moved slowly around the circle. I didn't want anybody to miss a thing.

I could tell I was doing fine by the sounds they were making. I knew too that this was only the very easy beginning. I just hoped to hell I'd be able to take the rest of it, because Harry had told me there had been chicks who had gotten this far, but when the action really got started, they chickened out lousy and that was the end of it. I didn't want to do that.

I stripped, like I said, and paraded around the circle a few times. Then Harry got up and came to where I was. He pulled me out into the center and pushed me down on the ground. It was starting now. O, Christ, was I ever scared!

Harry took off his pants. He had nothing on underneath. He didn't bother about his boots or jacket. He just climbed on and to the cheering of all the others, he gave me a ride I'll never forget if I live to be a hundred-and-three. He must have saved up for a year. But I knew damn well from the night before that he couldn't have done that. He was sensational, like champion of the world that night and I was crazy under him. O, I tell you, man, that's where it begins and ends and keeps on going. Why waste time on anything else?

When Harry was finally done, I was completely exhausted. At least that's what I thought. I knew what was coming and I just told myself, "Impossible!" But it wasn't.

They just came one by one and sometimes two together. I'd heard about gang shags. But I kept falling off mountains and kept doing more than I'd ever done.

That night must have lasted for three or four months, at least. By the end of it, I could barely move. Harry carried me to his bike. He said, "You were beautiful, baby." It was a damn strange thing for a guy to tell his chick after a scene like that. But when you're living a bike life, nothing's the way it used to be. It's a whole new world.

I was one of them after that night. I wasn't just one of the chickees who rides with a guy for a while, then he drops her off and goodbye. I was a King's Claw.

Like magic—your whole life becomes one big kick. And that's just what I had been looking for. You've got to go the full distance before you're anywhere.

I'd made the little drug and sex scenes with the kids I knew around Long Beach where I grew up. Everybody was trying to go all the way in or out of themselves. I thought I had gone pretty far until I started with bikes, it's a different world. Like the kids on the different drugs were trying to say goodbye to the lousy scene they were in and to find another one. But they came back after every trip, no matter how far they went. Riding with a gang you're there at the end of the trip and you realize *that's* where the beginning of it all is and you don't come back from there.

I rode with Harry. I was his old lady. That's how he wanted it and that's how I wanted it. Sometimes one

of the other Claws would ask Harry if he could make it with me for a night. If Harry said yes, I'd go. I didn't feel like he was just passing me around. I never felt like that when I was balling some other guy. I was doing something for my old man and that always made me feel good.

Not all the mamas work it the same though. Like Little Angie. She rides with us. She's real cute, blonde real long hair. She's got tits like she invented them and, man, like she loves to show them off, it's a funny bit with her. All of a sudden sometimes, she'll just take her jacket off and sit there with everybody, nothing on upstairs and with her innocent face, it's a really wild bit to see.

Now, like I've said, all the guys have balled me. But Harry is my old man. That's my scene. O.K.?

With Angie, it's something else. She digs a couple of guys at the same time.

She comes from Santa Barbara where just about everybody but the cop on the corner has plenty of loot. She looks it. Pretty little rich girl. But she never comes on with it. She's nice and cool. College and all that.

But for sex up there she told me she shocked the jockey shorts off the guy she was balling when she said she'd like to make it with him and some friend of his, anybody, he could pick who (Continued on page 82)

"When you're some old man's 'mama' you're on call whenever he wants you—or for any of his friends if he gives you the nod."





Art by Bruce Minney

THE MAN WHO SAVED

THE rocks were griddles fueled by noon sun. Floyd Helger lay in their shade, dust coating his sweat-soaked face and wrists as sugar clings to a doughnut.

A hundred feet to his right upwind the ram stood on a point high above a ravine.

God, Floyd Helger thought, it's him again. The same one. And his horns still look big around as truck tires.

Welcome back. I hope you survive another year. You'll make it through today, God willing and my aim not too screwed up after last night's booze.

Helgar sighted, not at the animal, but several yards behind him. His open sights covered no visible target but Helgar knew the target was there. He had seen the approach from the valley (Continued on page 90)



While Helgar took care of Colfax and his client, the spooked ram hurled himself after his family.

THE BIGHORNS

He watched over the last ram on the mountain like a God. Let some Eastern "trophy hunter" creep up too close, and he was suddenly a sitting duck for one of the strangest freak accidents in the book.

By RICHARD GALLAGHER



Floyd Helgar

Patty Laury has a thing about fires. Let the sirens howl, and she hops into her car and follows. Even when she poses professionally at home, her favorite background prop is a well-used fireplace.



PRETTIEST VOLUNTEER FIREMAN IN



AMERICA



**HUNTED BY THE CIA...
INTERPOL... UNITED NATIONS...
4 FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS**



The World's Most Hated Man— Rolando Masferrer



**"Boss of a band of killers.. international lover ..
strong-arm enforcer for the Reds .. millionaire ..
gambler..gunrunner..bordello owner..torturer"
These are only part of the man they call El Tigre.**

By ANDREW ST. GEORGE

A KILLER—someone who deals death professionally, the way a barman deals stingers—is a special person, a man apart from you and me and the rest of humanity. Even these days, with violence commonplace, a successful killer thinks of himself as a star performer: he is jealous of his image, domineering, hard to live with and impossible to manage. CBS News tried it once: it sent me to Miami on a secret assignment to make a deal with Rolando "The Tiger" Masferrer, a legendary Caribbean pistol politician, who reportedly killed more people in more places during the last thirty-odd years than any other adult civilian in the United States.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32 ►





A good half of Rolando Masferrer's "Tigres" were American citizens—men he trained for suicide missions at Florida bases.



El Tigre's gunrunning operation extended into Haiti, where his men flew in weapons in small planes like the one shown above.

Whenever a mutilated, unrecognizable corpse was flung from a speeding jeep, Cubans knew the Tiger's boys were at work.



Rolando Masferrer

I was sent after Masferrer because the high command of CBS News wanted to use him in a show. I found The Tiger all right, and made a deal with him; but what began as CBS' project quickly became Masferrer's show. By the time The Tiger was through using CBS, the network was out a quarter-million dollars, with nothing to show for it except an angry Congressional investigation.

It was, in truth, an unequal contest: CBS had no idea how to tackle The Tiger or even, at first, how to describe him. We got stuck with the first interoffice memo, simply trying to decide what to call this incredible man. What was he? A lawyer, a brilliant *doctor juris*? A gunrunner? A Senator? A pirate? A cattle rancher? An editor? An adventurer? A strongarm enforcer for the Communists? A strongarm enforcer for the Radical Right?

In the course of a fabulously adventurous life, Masferrer had been all these things, and more. He has been a millionaire, cruising the Bahamas in his own eighty-foot yacht; he has been down and out, limping the back alleys of Europe on a bullet-torn foot, his only revenue-producing asset the pistol in his underarm holster. We finally headed our memo simply: "Project: *Tigre*."

Masferrer is used to his lifelong predatory nickname, but he dislikes being called other names by reporters, especially low names reeking of commercialism. I discovered this when I met him at lunch at the Centro Vasco, Miami's best seafood restaurant: Masferrer appeared late and in a foul mood, waving a clipping from a German newspaper.

"Look at this!" he snorted. I did: the German paper had described him as a "paid killer." Masferrer was indignant: "What garbage! (Continued on page 52)"



The three Masferrer "Tigres" shown above were captured during Cuban raid and shot.

This photo is from the CBS documentary made on Masferrer's illegal gun smuggling.



Girls, including Havana entertainer (center) found "El Tigre" dynamite on date.

Masferrer never forgot his men. A bomb was dedicated to each one lost in combat.





At least a dozen young Americans went to their death on this raider—one of three Masferrer's Tigres used in Cuban raids.

**EXOTIC
FICTION
SPECIAL**



LOVE CAVE OF MAX WALEY

If you're supposedly on a "second honeymoon," you've got to be a pretty slick sexual athlete to juggle your wife in the bedroom and a lucious pickup who meets you secretly in her private seaside cave hideaway.

By JAY SORKIN

MAX had the sea all to himself. The early morning sky was pale blue. There wasn't a cloud in sight. To the west, a sliver of new moon could barely be seen. The sea was calm. Max swam out around fifty yards from the beach and floated there on his back, letting the easy rhythm of the sea lull him near to sleep.

What kept him awake was a certain sane concern with drowning and the memory of the fine time he and Helen had enjoyed the previous evening. They had driven down the coast road to Miami where they had dinner at The Fountainblue and saw Peggy Lee turn in a marvelous performance. But floating peacefully now, he was not thinking of dinner or Miss Peggy Lee. He was remembering all they had done in bed and in the comfortable armchair near the windows.

"An armchair?" Helen had asked him. "We've never done that."

"Second honeymoons are precisely for that," Max had told her. "To do all the things you've never (Continued on page 76)

Art by Gil Cohen

Even after they were finished, Max couldn't stop looking at her body as they dressed in the cave.



SECRETS OF AN AUTO THIEF

"I CAN STEAL YOUR CAR-- ANYTIME I WANT TO!"

"LET me see your driver's license."
Ron looks resigned. He stops tinkering under the hood of the 1963 Chevy. Without looking up at the two cops, he lays his wrench on the fender, wipes his grease-stained hands on his faded levis and passively offers his wallet.

"Take out the license," one of the cops says.

Ron removes the license and offers it. The cop takes it, stares at it. Ron leans against the Chevy. The second cop peers under the hood at the engine. Then he opens the door and looks inside.

"Whose car is this?" the cop with Ron's license asks.

Ron sighs. "You know it's mine."

"You're the one that knows it all, smart guy," the cop says.

The second cop comes up to Ron. "Let me have the trunk key." Ron gives it to him.

The first cop drops Ron's license on the fender. "This heap sure isn't your style, is it?" he sneers. Ron takes a deep breath and stares at the curb.

The second cop walks up to his partner. He shakes his head. The first one nods. "OK, let's go." He turns back to Ron. "We'll see ya. . . ."

Ron has been seeing—but trying his best to avoid—the Chicago cops for quite a while. They have violated his whole life style. They were an unavoidable hazard of his profession. In the process, they disrupted his home life. Faced with such trespass, 24-year-old Ron six months ago decided to retire from (*Continued on page 66*)

"I latched onto nothing but the best—Caddies, Vettes, etc. When you knock off 10-15 cars a week, 52 weeks a year, there's no percentage fooling with junk—not when you have the 'fuzz' panting down your neck every step of the way."

By CARL NELSON





Army-Navy football games have been known to produce all kinds of thrills, but none in history could top last year's when a beautiful girl trotted across the field in a most non-regulation uniform. Referee explains there is no rule to cover this situation.



Two children were killed, 31 injured, when a French school bus ran off the road, crashed into a tree, practically surrounding it.

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

It's hard to believe, but driver of this Lunx-D in the American Road Race of Champions walked away from the crash unhurt after his car slammed into a dirt mound used as a protective barrier.



After a Southern Illinois University guard was shot trying to stop a car from entering the campus, gunman holed up in house above and took on cops in a wild firefight, wounding eight others.





It's easy to see why four famous "with it" artists wanted cover girl, Anny Nelsen, to pose for them.

One-Third of a Nation

Luckily for the country the end-product of five years of work by the Public Land Law Review Commission is a report, not yet a piece of legislation. As a study, curiously outmoded in tone, it can be read, pondered and put on the shelf. As an omnibus bill for the reform of American land policy, it would call for alarm signals from every conservation group in the land.

A document of 342 pages compiled over five years by a body of thirteen Congressmen and six Presidential appointees cannot be fully analyzed in a day. But certain disturbing concepts in the report are quickly apparent; they are not encouraging to those who like to feel the country is moving away from the idea of the dollar-sign as the measure of progress.

Threaded through this study is the outworn notion that the public lands should be administered, not just with economy, but with maximum economic efficiency. That is to say, with the object of getting the greatest financial yield for the smallest financial investment—a philosophy appropriate to banking but not to the stewardship of nearly one-third of the country's land.

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THE U.S. GOVERNMENT IS ALLOWING IT TO HAPPEN

THEY'RE GIVING AWAY OUR NATIONAL

THE car towing the camper trailer is like the ones seen every spring, summer and fall all over the United States. And the people in the car act like all campers seem to: the father and mother in the front seats roll down their windows as they turn off the highway and onto the dirt access road that leads to the camping site; the kids in the back seat stand up in anticipation. The rig drives

for several minutes makes a sharp turn and then has to stop short. There is a barrier across the road, and a man with a red signal flag. Several hundred feet away, on what had once been the camping site, several bulldozers are pushing the earth into huge hills.

"What happened to the Oak Creek Camping Site?" the father asks the signalman.



Jack Anderson

WASHINGTON.

A major behind-the-scenes showdown is shaping up between Interior Secretary Walter Hickel and a group of powerful ranchers, including Army Secretary Stanley Resor.

The battleground is 8000 spectacularly scenic acres along the twisting Snake River in Wyoming, which Interior officials want to turn into a national park. The land is worth an estimated \$80 million.

* * *

The irony of the controversy is that the nation's tourists would long since have held title to the property if a government surveyor had not botched his job, returning the land to the public domain.

Forestry Service Scored On Timber Conservation

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18 — The School of Forestry of the University of Montana has strongly criticized the Federal Forest Service, contending that it concentrates on increased timber production and neglects the other "multiple uses" enjoined by law.

In a report, prepared by a select committee under the chairmanship of Arnold W. Bolle, dean of the School of Forestry, it was stated that while the service continually insisted that multiple-use was its "guiding principle," it actually gives only "lip-service" to this principle, and "getting the logs out comes first."

Having leveled this charge,

RANGE WARFARE

recent court decision indicated the land belonged to the public. "We cleaned out the willows, thinking it was our land," he said.

Gold mining claims on some of the land further complicate the situation.

The Hickel plan recommends fighting both the ranchers and the mining



REVISED POLICY FOR U.S. LANDS ASKED IN STUDY

By GLADWIN HILL

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, June 23 — A Congressional commission, after a massive five-year study, recommended today that the one-third of the nation's land that is federally owned be largely retained by the Government, but that major changes be made in its management and use.

Foremost among the recommended changes were the following:

¶That Congress reassert its constitutional primacy in supervising the public lands and curb the President's power to shift public land from one use to another.

¶That public land laws be re-



PARKS

"Been closed for almost a month now," he answers. "We're putting up a motel."

"A motel?" the driver asks indignantly. "You can't do that, it's publicly owned land."

"Ain't public land any more," the signalman answers.

The would-be camper turns red and just before he puts his car into reverse he mumbles (Continued on page 80)

less Interior up small and large will be pounding door.

feared is that some of the ous high-rise sage into the trip of Las

ica's near

by ARNOLD ROSSEN

Off Limits—All the kids did was send him a note: "Rap session. Room 304. Be there." It was signed "Peer Group." The boy appeared. And after the rap session was done, one more hard drug pusher at Westinghouse Vocational and Technical High School in Brooklyn, N.Y. was out of business voluntarily.

Peer Group is short for Peer Group Leadership Program in Drug Abuse Prevention. A simpler term for this choker of a name is "self-policing." It is a pilot program at Westinghouse and 15 other N.Y. City schools based upon this thinking:

- Students know more about drug abuse in their own schools than do faculty, and they know drugs are just plain bad.

- They really want to do something to stop drug traffic.

- They can do something, better than adults can, if left alone to operate unquestioned in their own ways. If the Westinghouse results are typical, the premise is correct on all three counts. In 1969 there were six known serious overdoses at Westinghouse. In 1970 (after PG) there were none. As long as adults stay out, it works. Simple as that.

Says Irving Turk, a health ed teacher and one of the Westinghouse PG sponsors: "They're not the white-shirt-and-tie boys who usually are your student leaders. They're a cross section which includes two militants." Turk, as are others, is ignorant of the magic that takes place during rap sessions. "I wasn't in on those sessions, but I think they left the impression that if the sales didn't stop, there would be some busted heads."

For now, the PG vigilante movement settles for keeping its schools off limits. They know that "out there" the student pushers are still selling and the student addicts are still shaking down others for drug money.



"For the moment we can't do anything about that," says one PG leader. Then he grins. "But only for the moment. We're thinking hard on that too..."

The Name Of The Game—The name of the game is "the game." (Square translation: pimping.) The name of the players is "players." (Pimps.) As does every profession, pimping too speaks in its own colorful terms, terms often opaque in meaning to outsiders. For instance:

- "Flat backer." A volume prostitute. Makes her profit in low prices, high turnover. She welcomes "gang bangs."

- "Shape-up time." The hour at which a pimp turns his "hos" (whores) onto the street to begin work.

- "Open a nose." To arouse a man to high passion. Example: "I opened his nose so wide he could hardly keep his pants on."

As the language is colorful, the outlooks of the players are drab. In a sense, such men are fortunate to be pimps; they are mentally fit to be little else. One attitude, voiced by Plastic, one of the busier 42nd Street, N.Y. players: "You can't be a good pimp unless you hate the broads. I don't mean just a little faggy hostility, either. I mean really hate. You've got to look for the johns who'll degrade and humiliate the ho. You won't see him do it, but you'll know he's doing it... To be a really successful pimp... That's \$30,000 a year, man, at least... you've got to begin by hating your mother."

Some take the hatred even further back in time than their own infancy. The Owl (who operates in The Block, Baltimore's strip club district) says: "It all began with Adam and Eve. She put him down tempting him with the apple and chopped off his manhood. Other men been fighting to get it back ever since. We (pimps) are the only ones even comin' close because every time we send a girl out to ho, we're puttin' her down good for every man everywhere who's ever been deballed by some woman."

Sin Street: Snigun—"You have a little with your woman in the morning, then roll out of the sack about ten. You blow some pot. You eat a big breakfast. Around one, maybe, you borrow your buddy's



INFORMATION

Honda and make a PX run. Buy some goodies you can push later on the black market. Then you come back, blow a little more pot, maybe make it again with your woman. After dinner you check on what the Army gossip is with the rest of the guys on the street, drink a little beer, think about hitting the sack again. Sounds like a good life? Most of the time it's rotten."

This is a U.S. Army AWOL talking. Time: December 1970. Place: A Saigon back street called Sin Alley. Tens of thousands go AWOL yearly in Vietnam (not actual desertions, just temporary divorces from duty), and the Army estimates that several hundred at any given time are underground in the Sin Alleys of Saigon. These are places where, for some reason, GIs seem to gather and live on forged ID and ration cards and earn money selling PX items on the black market. (A television set may cost \$150 in military scrip. It resells for \$350.) At first glance, you would never think such streets to be anything but classic Saigon back alleys: ugly. At second glance you see the signs of GI habitation: Fatigues and skivvies drying on laundry lines. An abundance of motorbikes. Many GIs hurrying just a little too fast, trying to move unnoticed with the mainstream Saigon street traffic.

Most AWOLs, such as the man quoted above, are happy in Sin Alley at first. As he says, it sounds like a good life. Not for long. Eventually the realization sinks in: As long as they remain AWOL, they cannot go home. If they remain AWOL too long, they are considered deserters, are subject to execution if ever caught. Most eventually leave the alleys and turn themselves in after their units return to the U.S.

The MPs know which alleys are which; few MPs will venture into one. To do so is to be beaten, stripped bare, kicked out. However, the Army recently decided it had had enough of this kind of thing. One night 300 MPs supported by two searchlight helicopters combed out one Sin Alley. For four hours they chased scores of nude men and women through streets, across rooftops.

The bag: 110 GIs in unauthorized off-base residence, 30 AWOLs included. "Good example, good results."

Good results? This statement is debatable. Said one captain: "In my estimation results were zero. These men have learned it all from the Cong. Come back

tomorrow and see what I mean. For every one taken out tonight, another will drift in to take his place."

The Strippers — He was driving west on Manhattan's 96th Street when the muffler of his car came loose. While he was underneath refastening the bolts, the feet appeared. Then the jack. Up went the car's rear end. Someone began pulling at the hubcaps.

He stood. There were two men. One already had a wheel loose. He said, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Taking the wheels off. What does it look like?"

"Where do you get off doing that?"

"Abandoned car. That's where."

"What makes you think it's abandoned?"

"Because you're underneath swiping the muffler."

Whether they realized it or not, the three were players in a new life style game now being played with vigor in America's big cities: The Stripper. Cannibalizing curbed cars of useable parts is no longer the practice of vandals and thieves alone. Everyone is doing it.

The practice reaches across financial lines. (A man driving a Jaguar stops, pulls a hubcap from another Jaguar wreck, saying, "One of my own hubcaps is missing.")

And social lines. (A young Puerto Rican is unbolting the carburetor of an abandoned VW. A man leaps from a Cadillac sedan. He carries a wrench set. "Hey," he yells, "the rear bumper is mine. My kid creamed his the other day." The boy at the carburetor grins, bows, and says, "Welcome. There is something here for everyone.")

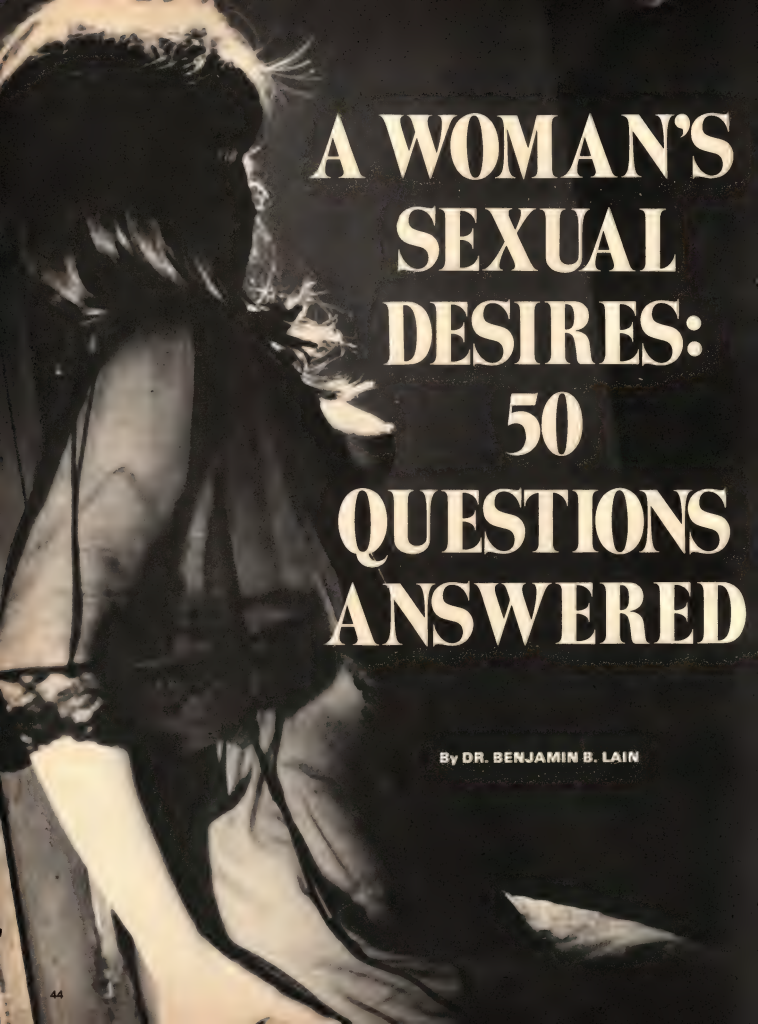
High or low, rich or poor, all strippers seem to hold one principle of honor in common: They take only what they need and use the parts they take. This distinguishes them from the true thieves.

Question: What constitutes an abandoned car? Answer: Generally, any parked car without license plates. (Some 40,000 are abandoned annually in N.Y. alone.)

This rough-hewn law leads to many mistakes, obviously. One man who was only changing license plates went indoors for a glass of beer, leaving his car momentarily untended. When he returned a half-hour later, instead of wheels, there were four milk bottle cases beneath the axles.

Where Are They Now? — "I just laughed when they said they were developing a bomb that would blow up everything for eight miles," Major Thomas Ferebee says. He didn't laugh later in August 1945 when, as bombardier on a B-29 named "Enola Gay" he triggered the drop of the first atomic bomb ever used in combat and erased the Japanese city of Hiroshima. Ferebee is the only "Enola Gay" crewman who remained in the Air Force for a full 30-year hitch; he retired a few months ago as colonel. Now living in Florida and looking into large-scale catering, he feels no regret about his participation in the first atom bomb attack. Says Ferebee: "I'm convinced that the bombing saved many lives by ending the war."





A WOMAN'S SEXUAL DESIRES: 50 QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By DR. BENJAMIN B. LAIN

Erotic foreplay? Oral techniques? Favorite positions? Multiple orgasms? Way-out things they only dream about? These are just a handful of love-making "musts" few men dare discuss with their women when they're face-to-face in the bedroom.

EDITOR'S NOTE: There are some men who go their whole lives without ever discovering what triggers a woman's sex drive. Both married men and single swingers show the same lack of knowledge, as observed by doctors, psychologists and psychiatrists across the country. To pinpoint the vital clues to turning on any woman in the bedroom, here are 50 things men want to know most—and the detailed, intimate explanations of a top sexologist.)

1 Does the size of a man's penis make much difference to a woman?

THERE is no basis for the widely accepted belief that there is a direct correlation between the size of the male and female reproductive organs and sexual adequacy.

2 Do women enjoy being the aggressor in a sexual relationship?

Some women enjoy being the aggressor all the time. Such a woman usually seeks out the passive sort of man who is the perfect partner for her, since he does not wish to be the aggressor. The majority of women like to be the aggressor sometimes. It is natural for a woman to light the sexual kindling on those occasions when the man may be tired or merely when she is the first one to think of it on that particular night. It is bad for a woman to think she should *never* be the aggressor. This only makes for unnecessary frustrations. Most women are fully aware of this.

3 Do women want to be forced to commit certain sex acts.

There are women who will not perform certain sex acts unless the man forces them to. These women, believing an act like *fellatio* to be "dirty" or "immoral" feel they are freed from any kind of judgement since they were forced to perform an act they would not have performed of their own free will. Most women appreciate a man who is master in bed.

(Continued on page 84)

STAG CONFIDENTIAL...

continued from page 10

vice more attractive as a career...

DRUG USE IN VIETNAM NO LONGER ONLY A HEALTH PROBLEM--BY ARMY ADMISSION, IT HAS AFFECTED TROOP COMMAND. GIs ON DRUGS HAVE REFUSED TO OBEY ORDERS THAT MIGHT MEAN LIFE AND DEATH TO THEM AND THEIR BUDDIES. PENTAGON IN A FLAP OVER HOW TO HANDLE THE SITUATION...

RED WORLD

Egypt quietly teed-off at Russia for the quality of UAR airforce. Egyptians claim her weakness stems from the fact she has only one pilot for every two of her planes. The odds should be reversed. Another gripe is small amount of training time--three to five hours a month--Egyptian pilots were given. In contrast, US pilots usually post close to 21 hours a month...



HAVE A BALL IN BUDAPEST

HUNGARY IS GOING THROUGH A ROUGH TIME WITH WIDE-OPEN VICE, CRIME, TEEN-AGE TERROR. VD IS AT AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN BUDAPEST AND VISITORS SAY NEVER WERE SO MANY GORGEOUS GIRLS SO READILY AVAILABLE --IF YOU'VE GOT GUTS ENOUGH TO MAKE A PASS...

Yanks plenty worried about the Soviet's new MIG-23. Now in use in central Europe, the supersonic version of the MIG-23 fighter is a direct threat to our NATO defense set-up...

FEELING IN THE UN IS THE POPE IS LEANING TOWARDS ADMISSION OF RED CHINA...

Most beautiful defector from behind the Iron Curtain is last year's Miss Czechoslovakia, who competed in the Miss Universe contest. After reaching the finals (then losing out to Miss Puerto Rico), she asked for asylum in West Germany...

EYEWITNESS REPORT FROM PEKING HAS IT THAT RED CHINESE IN THAT CITY ARE STILL DIGGING AIR RAID TRENCHES AND SHELTERS. ALMOST ALL HOMES HAVE A TRENCH IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE FOR EASY ACCESS TO UNDERGROUND DUGOUTS...

Amazingly light sentences passed out to Czechs who took off after Soviet invasion three years ago, but paved the way to confiscation of their property--including apartments. Housing is so acutely short that the 25,000 units owned by refugee Czechs will be snapped up in a minute...

SCOOPING THE WORLD

Sex in Gambia--that's the newest swinging part of the world, if you can manage to get there. In Bathurst, the capital, Swedish girls are making one of the wildest scenes in all of Africa. To escape from Sweden's long winter with its longer nights, sun-loving blondes take their vacations in Gambia--not only because the sun is great, but because the coastline is dotted with completely secluded coves. Each cove is surrounded by reefs and jungles that march right down to the beach. You can find one for yourself and your girl and enjoy anything from nude swimming to a complete bedroom-type sex spree without worrying about anyone ever seeing you. Swappers love the place as they can do their thing outdoors, in absolute privacy...

LIFEBOATS MAY SOON BE REPLACED BY BRIGHT ORANGE SPHERES, 14 FEET IN DIAMETER, 9 FEET HIGH. THE BRIGHTLY-COLORED CAPSULE CAN HOLD 28 PEOPLE WHO HAVE TO ABANDON SHIP IN MID-OCEAN, AND CAN PROTECT THEM AGAINST FIRE, SUFFOCATION,

MID-OCEAN MIRACLE



EXPOSURE, EXPLOSION AND SHOCK, AS WELL AS SWAMPING AND CAPSIZING. ANOTHER FEATURE IS THEY CAN BE HAULED OUT OF THE SEA BY HELICOPTER...

Big boom in mobile homes--campers, trailers, etc.--is just beginning. Levitt & Sons, the nation's largest home builder, is jumping into the field. Estimates are that, by 1975, 1 million a year will be sold to economy- and vacation-minded Americans ...

OUTSIDE THE LAW

Harried transit cops in many cities are pressing for trained guard dogs to help them patrol underground danger spots...



SUBWAYS GO TO THE DOGS

LAST YEAR'S DOPE RAIDS NETTED 100% INCREASE IN ILLEGAL DRUGS SEIZED...

Police in 40 cities now using helicopter patrols to crack down on crime. Cops ride overhead patrol just like their fellow officers in cruising cars or on the "foot beat." They keep their eyes open, zoom down like dive bombers when something suspicious is spotted...

With warm weather coming up, police officers are looking for the usual seasonal boom in 1. Nude bathing; 2. Roadside prostitution--where the hustler will flag down a motorist, make her deal, then lead him into the woods for an hour or so of outdoor lovemaking; 3. Rapes and muggings in Lovers' Lanes...

NEWEST GHOU L RACKET INVOLVES ROBBING HOMES OF RELATIVES OF PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES APPEAR IN THE OBITUARY COLUMNS. CROOKS CAN BE SURE THE HOUSES WILL BE VACANT, CERTAINLY DURING THE FUNERAL, USUALLY DURING WAKES...

D.A.s around the country are keeping a sharp eye on certain "employment agencies" specializing in female "secretaries." Word is out that these few suspects are using the agency gimmick as a cover-up for a widespread call girl ring. You call in your specifications for a "job," and the agency sends a swinger up for an "interview." All nice and neat and sexy--and tough on vice squadders...

TURKEY HAS WARNED THE U.S. TO CLAMP DOWN ON ARCHAEOLOGISTS SNEAKING OUT ART TREASURES ILLEGALLY OR THE "DIGS" WILL BE SHUT DOWN TIGHT...

Live porno-sex acts performed on stage for paying audiences--which is flourishing in San Francisco and New York City, is driving most law enforcement agencies up the wall. Handling arrests, padlocking places of entertainment, etc., involve very delicate civil rights issues...

A MAN'S CAR

BLACK BOX RECORDERS MAY SOON BE MOUNTED IN ALL CARS. SIMILAR TO THOSE IN AIRPLANES, THE BOX WILL MONITOR ALL THE



THOSE LAST 30 SECONDS

AUTO'S SYSTEMS DURING THE 30 SECONDS PRECEDING A CRASH. BIG HOPE IS THAT MECHANICAL FAILURES WILL BE PINPOINTED AND WE'LL GET A TRUE PICTURE OF MOST CAR CRASH CAUSES...

Any new car not eliminating 90% of exhaust pollution will be banned from sale after 1975, if a bill just passed in a Senate subcommittee hearing is okayed...

BIG POSSIBILITY THAT GM'S 1972 MODELS MAY SKIP ALL CHANGES BECAUSE OF HOLDUP ON TOOL AND DIE EQUIPMENT CAUSED BY LAST YEAR'S STRIKE...

GOVERNMENT STILL BUGGING AUTO MAKERS ABOUT COMING UP WITH A MORE CRASH-RESISTANT BUMPER...

Volkswagen latest to be hit by recallable defects. 79,000 of their 1971 models are being brought back in to check on defects in wiring system...

BY NEW YEAR'S EVE DRUNKEN DRIVERS WILL KILL 35,000 AMERICANS...

Safety-concerned outfits are after Ford for not having more of their child safety seats--which really work--on the market three years after they were introduced to the public...

Make sure your next load of antifreeze contains antileak ingredients...

Look for payroll-deduction car insurance plans to become a big thing. If you can get in on one of the existing policies, you'll save 15 to 25%...



PRODUCT SAFETY

Continued from page 21

have too much political pull," says one Government safety expert. "It doesn't matter whether the Democrats or the Republicans are in. The big campaign contributors have the pull to slow down the enforcement of the bill. So it's the same as if no bill was written at all."

Flammability standards for children's clothing offer just one example of the ways in which Federal safety standards, supposedly set up for the protection of American citizens, are a hoax. Over 300,000 children suffered burns last year—better than three-to-one, under five years old—because of lax enforcement of the laws. The enforcement isn't going to get any better, unless consumers get up on their hind legs and complain.

Recently, thirty-one persons died in a fire in a Marietta, Ohio, nursing home. They died not because they were old and feeble and could not escape, experts said. Rather they died because the carpeting on the floor of the nursing home was a firetrap. It burned so fiercely, and with such thick clouds of acrid choking smoke, that Marietta officials wondered how the nursing home had ever gotten permission to use it in construction.

The answer came quickly enough from the company that built the nursing home. The carpeting, like so many other products Americans buy every day, conformed fully to the standard set up by the Department of Commerce for rug fire safety.

Presumably, said the nursing home company, if the government approved of something, it had to be reasonably safe. But was that true? If you take a look at the tests that the Commerce Department relied on, you find some very fishy developments going on.

When they test a carpeting at the Commerce Department research, shows, what they do is called "the pill test." That is, they take a pill, like an aspirin tablet, made of an inflammable chemical called methanamine, and drop it on a carpet. If, within a certain amount of time, the pill hasn't burned more than a few inches' hole in the carpet, then they pronounce the carpet safe, and Government approved.

It sounds very reasonable, until you look at the test that hospital professionals in top rate medical centers use when they test a carpet. Here they put a gas flame at high temperature right to the face of a carpet, and they test it under conditions of an upwind or draft, in a tunnel like a wind tunnel.

Under these conditions, the carpet used in the nursing home would have gone up like tinder, as in fact it did in actual practice. But the Government does not require anywhere near so severe a test before it pronounces the carpeting you buy for your home "safe" and "approved."

If you really want to realize just how dangerous this situation is, just put down the magazine you are reading for a moment and look around your own house. Don't even think about those large rugs or carpets on your floor. Look at the little throw rugs and bathroom rugs. You probably have three or four of them somewhere in the house.

The weak government standards posted did spell trouble for the makers of those throw rugs. They protested to the government that the new standards would

kill their business. Because every one of those rugs goes up like cellophane, as soon as you drop a cigarette on them. If the manufacturers had to make them flame resistant, even to pass the pill test, their margin of profit would be seriously reduced.

Consequently, the Government obligingly exempted all those throw rugs from its minimum flammability standards. And if you want to see the result, and don't mind wasting a few dollars, take one of those little rugs to some safe place and touch a light to it. See how fast it will go up, and just imagine what it will be like for your family if your house ever develops the kind of short circuit or heating problem that can start a fire while you sleep.

Even in cases where a clear Government ban exists, a manufacturer will stall as long as he can, selling his dangerous wares all the while. A company that made a basement waterproofing paint, consisted almost entirely of pure gasoline, fought the Government off for a period of five years. All that time, that company continued to sell a product which killed people and ravaged homes.

The company eventually was tried in court, and had to pay \$5000 in fines—after years of earning hundreds of thousands of dollars every year from this product. The company's president personally had to pay a fine of \$2500—but this was reversed by another court, later, on a legal technicality.

20 million Americans are injured each year in their own homes as a direct result of this federal safety regulations fraud. Out of that number, 110,000 every year receive permanently disabling injuries, and 30,000 are killed. That is, every year nearly as many Americans are killed and seriously injured from this safety hoax as have died or been wounded in the entire Vietnam war.

In one recent study, sixteen categories of products received the designation, "Most Dangerous." These included items found in every home—color TV sets, fireworks, hot water vaporizers, baby's cribs, power tools, rotary lawn mowers, wringer washers, transparent glass door.

In almost every case, manufacturers of the products involved have fought the Government tooth and nail. And in nearly every case, the manufacturers have come out ahead by a wide margin.

Once again, put down this magazine for a minute. Take a look at the color TV set you own, probably facing you as you sit in your living room, maybe with your wife and kids sitting there with you.

On January 3, 1969, a set maybe like the one you own started a fire in the home of Thelma Turner in Wilberforce, Ohio, destroying \$180,000 worth of home and property for a total of nine families. An official of the National Fire Protection Association (an association of ex-fire chiefs) has estimated, based on recorded statistics, that 7,000 such fires happen every year—and the number is increasing as fast as the number of the color TV's themselves.

In Springfield, Illinois such a fire killed one, disabled another in the Fassero family. In Ventura, California, such a fire burned to death four children, their father and their grandmother. In Oak Lawn, Illinois, a husband and wife died.

The TV industry has not attempted to

deny these statistics. It has even done research on its own, which has documented the reasons why color TV's more than any other prove such a hazard.

Such TV's operate at 25,000 volts or more. If they are not well insulated, they short easily, but may not blow themselves out before reaching flame-point temperatures. They may be improperly insulated, for reasons of cheapness. They may be badly manufactured, with improperly dressed wires. Even at normal operating temperatures, they reach a range of 110 degrees-115 degrees, and yet may have built into their construction such flammable components as paper or cardboard to enclose capacitors, flammable lubricants, faultily designed switches, too-closely-packed circuitry.

Thanks to such manufacture, 10,000 TV sets caught fire in the US last year alone, and most of them were color sets, by a proportion of forty to one. Nevertheless, when the Government agency, the National Commission on Product Safety, made public the list of most dangerous sets and model numbers, an electronics industry spokesman demanded that the list be suppressed: He said the problem was "infinitesimal." Quite to the contrary, an independent, non-Government study, by a company named Tracor, Inc., found that the electronics industry was deliberately, in order to save money in manufacturing, not using flameproof or self-extinguishing components. If the industry wanted to, said Tracor, it could cut the fire rate to one-tenth what it is within a few months—but it would cost money.

"I thought I knew how to handle the saw, though I hadn't any special training in it," testified Peter Morris, age 22, an automobile repairman describing what happened when he tried out a new power saw. "It was a power saw with a circular blade, and I was ripping a length off an 8-foot two-by-four of pine. I finished the cut and the wood caught the blade and the power saw 'kicked.' I let go of the trigger right away, but the kick pushed my left hand off the control knob, and when I went up to grab it again, the saw cut my thumb off."

Just like that, a thumb off—it happens, or something like it happens, 125,000 times a year statistics say, but the manufacturers who make their money from the do-it-yourself power tool industry don't want any regulation. Yet, research shows, the product is often lethal.

Three-fourths of the time it happens, severe lacerations result, and one time out of ten it means amputation, usually of fingers. One cause of such accidents: faulty design of the tool, including excessive "kick," inadequate shields against chips of wood or metal that may pierce the eyes, inadequate insulation against shock.

"I was cutting fence posts when I felt a shock from the saw," one victim testified. "I knew it wasn't a double insulated saw, and it worried me, so I put myself up on a deck of two-by-fours, to insulate myself. Still, I got another stiff shock through my arms and hands. My wife was there, and she cut off the power. But then I dropped the saw—I couldn't help it—and the blade cut me in my right thigh." Later I found back the shock. It came from a short circuit in the saw motor, where the brush retainers were touching the commutator. It should never have been designed that way."

In Europe, power tools have had double insulation, which guards against most shocks, for years; American toolmakers, not subject to the same strict legal penalties, have lagged and still do. They rely on what is called "re-policing." The accident rate in power tools is one evidence of what self-

(Continued on page 50)

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policing can bring. The accident rate in power lawn mowers, a more deadly home tool, is even higher.

"I reached in under the blade housing to get rid of the grass that was clogged at the exhaust port," said one victim. "I didn't realize the blades were still going around. They struck me three or four times before I got my hand out, and eventually I had to lose the hand." Or, another: "I was standing a good ten yards away from my friend while he was using a power mower. He made a right turn, and the blades picked up a rock, whirled it around and sent it out the discharge opening at me like a slingshot. It hit me in the eye, causing me blindness."

As recently as ten years ago, there were only about 50,000 injuries a year from power mowers. Today, as more people own the mowers, the accident rate has gone up. It has reached 140,000 per year, and is still growing, according to statistics from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

But, just as with power tools, the mower manufacturers have succeeded in stalling off Federal action. They have promulgated their own "safety standards" code, but the experts say that the machines built even under that code are too dangerous. And, independent research has established, even of the machines that are "certified" by the manufacturers' own code, fully twenty-five percent don't even measure up to the standards they're certified for.

"I thought it was a cute toy," said one Philadelphia mother of an imitation native blow gun. "I didn't realize the danger, until I brought it home and he put it into his mouth and inhaled the dart instead of blowing in. The dart went into his lungs and almost killed him."

Dozens of children were injured by that toy in Philadelphia alone, last year. A million and a half children are injured every year while playing, the Public Health Service says; at least half that number, because the toys they play with are faultily designed.

One toy, still on sale—like that blowgun toy—an electric oven designed to teach little girls to cook, "just like Mommy," reached temperatures of 300 degrees on the outside and over 600 degrees on the inside. Another, an imitation bazooka which sold for \$7-10. Experience showed that it actually deflated nursery children when it was used. Still another, a rattle designed for young toddlers; the only covering for the rattle was made of easily torn-off cardboard and plastic, and underneath the covering lay 7 needle-sharp spikes several inches long.

After the passage of a safety laws last year, all of these toys were potentially illegal. Nevertheless, they remained on the market, because the Federal Government, always considerate of the manufacturers and their pressure, neglected to act on the enforcement provisions to make the law work.

Now it is only little children who suffer from such bad faith on the part of manufacturers. Football players in the US suffer up to half a million line-in concussions every year; about one player out of every six. Of twenty-four deaths in football in 1967, twenty-one came directly from such injuries.

And yet researchers have long known how to make safe football helmets, just as they have known how to make safe motorcycle helmets—another product where the industry's "self-regulated" standard doesn't offer any true safety. The only reason the manufacturers don't make safe products, here as elsewhere, lies in the extra cost—and the fact that the Federal Government, while accepting the self-regulation as a sufficient requirement, doesn't enforce compliance, or set standards of its own.

Once more, set down from the magazine you are

reading. Walk into the kitchen, open the icebox, take out a glass soft-drink bottle. But take it out carefully. It could kill you.

That bottle came off its production line at the rate of 100 per minute. Once every two hours, at most, the company that made the bottle pulled one off the line to inspect it. That means that 10,000 defective bottles could have passed down the line between inspection points. Sometimes, because of glass shortages, companies will permit defective bottles to go through, even knowing they're bad.

Once they reach the bottling company, these same bottles are filled with highly carbonated beverages that make them, literally, Bouncing Betties sitting on the supermarket shelves. At the bottling plant, the only inspection they get consists of a glance by an inspector as they pass by at five-per-second, much too quickly for anyone to notice hairline cracks, fractures, scratches or other weaknesses.

"I bent over to get a can of dog food," testified a fifteen-year-old girl, now blind in one eye. "I heard an explosion as I straightened up, and a soda bottle on the shelf above me exploded. I was hit by hundreds of glass splinters. I was lucky I kept the other eye." It happens 7,000 times every year, experts say.

These are just a few of the safety hazards Americans face under the assumption that the law protects them. These examples concentrate on the home and on consumer products. But even a glance at the outer limits of safety hoaxing indicates the size of the problem:

Railroads: The United States has 100 railroad accidents per day. Most of them stem from derailments, from old track the rails are not replaced. Yet railroads have been under direct supervision of the Government for nearly 100 years. Railroad accidents cause hundreds of deaths every year.

Autos: Since the passage of the automobile safety legislation of a few years ago, the Government testing agencies have reported that between fifteen and twenty percent of all vehicles tested have failed one or more safety standards. Not all of these failures get disclosed to the public, however, despite the provisions of the law. Among the safety breakdowns revealed only by Government files: Safetybelt shoulder harnesses that do not hold up past speeds of 30 miles per hour. Fuel tanks that rupture at about the same speed. Wheels on three-quarter ton trucks, which tests have shown to suffer excess metal fatigue—wheels that the company involved, General Motors, has already replaced on new model trucks, but has left in place on older models of the same truck.

Tires: Some tires of all major manufacturers have failed Government tests. All statistical tests indicate that hundreds of thousands of defective tires get sold every year.

Highway safety: The Federal Government has regulated the trucking industry almost since its inception. Yet more accidents occur every year, because of driver fatigue, improper maintenance, overloaded trucks, mangle-making schedules, double-bottom rigs on inadequate highways—all of these lapses by truckowners are specifically forbidden under federal law, but continue anyway. There is one Federal inspector for every 170,000 vehicles. Result of all this—giant trailer trucks, on superhighways where they account for only ten or twelve percent of the traffic, wind up involved in nearly one-third of all accidents—and over three-fifths of all the accidents that result in death.

In the absence of sufficient protection from the government, the injured citizen may only go to the courts. But here he finds another defense for the manufacturer who has injured him—simple delay, and high legal costs.

"When my two-year-old son swallowed an ordinary dishwasher detergent, that was not marked as poison, it burned his windpipe and his esophagus, his throat almost completely closed. It will take two years for the scars to heal and his throat to get back to normal size," a Seattle housewife testified. "He nearly died. I decided to sue the company for not putting a warning on the package. But I found out that it might cost me thousands of dollars to sue, and that it could take years, and I might not win the case. My husband and I simply could not afford it. Especially since we both have had to take two jobs, night and day, to pay off the loans we took out to pay the hospital bills."

Expert testimony has shown that it seldom pays to even bring a suit if less than \$5000-\$10,000 is at stake.

Most of the civilized countries of the world have far better death-by-accident rates than the United States, the richest of them all. Japan, a country built like a tinder-box, almost entirely of wooden houses in overcrowded cities, has a four-year average of only 24 deaths per 100,000 people per year by accident. Great Britain, Sweden and Canada score far better than the US, as do such tiny countries as the Philippines, Ireland, Israel and Spain. But the US averaged, over this four-year period, more than 40 deaths per 100,000—and this figure does not count deaths by automobile accident, in which the US does even worse still.

But for the individual citizen, the situation demands immediate action, of two kinds. The first, perhaps most important: A citizen has to familiarize himself with the most dangerous products, and learn to look out for them; because as the situation exists today, no one will protect his family but he himself. A list of the most dangerous categories of consumer product, as assembled by the Commission on Product Safety, follows:

The 16 Most Dangerous Consumer Products.

1. "Invisible" glass doors and windows. 150,000 victims per year.
 2. Color TV sets. 10,000 fires per year.
 3. Children's Fireworks. 15,000 injuries per year.
 4. Floor Furnaces. 60,000 burns per year.
 5. Glass Bottles. 7,000 injuries per year.
 6. Children's bicycles with "highrise" handlebars. 1 million injuries per year.
 7. Hot-water Vaporizers. Unknown number of injuries.
 8. Household chemicals—detergents, furniture polish, etc. 1 million injuries per year, principally to children.
 9. Poorly designed children's furniture—high-chairs, cribs that kill. Nearly two million injuries per year.
 10. Household ladders. 200,000 injuries per year.
 11. Power tools. 125,000 injuries per year.
 12. Protective headgear, motorcycle helmets, etc. 500,000 injuries per year.
 13. Rotary lawn mowers. 140,000 injuries per year.
 14. Unsafe toys. One and a half million injuries per year.
 15. Unvented gas heaters. Unknown number of accidents, 1000 deaths per year.
 16. Wringer washing machines. 100,000 injuries per year.
- Sum total: 20 million Americans are injured by products improperly manufactured every year. Says the National Commission: "The exposure of consumers to unreasonable consumer product hazards is excessive by any standard of measurement."
- That leaves the issue squarely up to you, the reader of this report. If you don't demand adequate safety standards now, you won't have anyone to blame but yourself, when tragedy strikes your home. ♦♦♦

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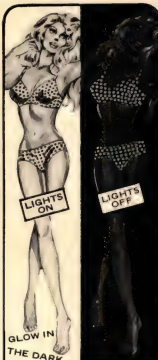
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ROLANDO MASFERRER

Continued from page 32

A Dutchman! What does he know? I don't mind the stuff about being a killer, that's not the issue; but what does he mean "paid"? When has this town last seen a decent payoff?

In truth, Miami has been good to the Tiger, but his big score was made in Cuba, in the bawdy, booming Havana of the Fifties. Masferrer rose with rocket-like speed to become the most powerful pistol politician in the Caribbean from Miami to Maracaibo.

Furthermore, Masferrer had reason to complain about European journalists, who tend to make nasty remarks about The Tiger's career when they file stories from America. *Le Sauvage*, the conservative French of the French press corps in the U.S., described Masferrer as "an authentic assassin . . . boss of a band of killers known as the Tigers of Masferrer;" and his chief competitor Claude Julien, who works for another Parisian newspaper, has shown the same blunt vein: "Masferrer maintained a praetorian guard of 300 men whose job was to kill."

American observers of the Caribbean have been generally more understanding of The Tiger's problems. The conservative historian Boris Goldenson and the liberal *New York Times* writer Herbert Matthews seem to agree that, like any other ambitious executive on the way up, Masferrer did only what was expected of him in a tough competitive market: "In Cuba the police tortured and murdered; the army competed with the police; armed gangs like Senator Masferrer's 'Tigers' had to compete with both."

Even such knowledgeable writers tend to leave the impression, however, that Masferrer, while more successful than most, was at heart just another ganglord. Nothing could be further from the truth: Masferrer is no Little Caesar rerun, but the very "now" anti-hero of the special violence of our times.

At twenty—an age when most future gunmen have their first misunderstandings with the police over stolen cars and other youthful follies—Masferrer was an intellectual. Born in Cuba, educated mostly in the U.S.—at the Southern military academies favored by upper-class Latinos—he graduated from the law school of Havana University at 21, head and valedictorian of his class, winner of the top scholarship prize.

But these were the Thirties, years of the Great Depression and of the Spanish Civil War, and like many young intellectuals, Masferrer was turned on by Communism. From school he went straight to Spain and threw himself into the fight as a rifleman in the International Brigade.

Masferrer's war proved a fierce, short war. Within months he was in a military hospital near Madrid, his left foot shattered almost beyond repair by a bullet. It took him six months to walk again—with a crutch. Instead of sending him back into the army, the Communist Party assigned Masferrer to its Political Inspectorate.

In combat, Masferrer had shown reckless ferocity; now as a party enforcer, he developed a streak of cruel cunning. No one knows exactly where he traveled and what he did in the dark, murderous underworld of Stalin's world-wide International during the

last years of the Thirties; but a French ex-Communist, Maury Valmain, once told me that "Anywhere in Europe, when Masferrer's terrible limp was heard approaching with its slow, menacing thump-thump, the smile froze on the face of every Communist functionary within earshot."

Sometime during World War II Masferrer reappeared in Havana. He was still a Communist, but the foot was getting better.

"When Rolando began walking normally again, he seemed to be getting rid of his Communist fanaticism along with his crutches and walking-sticks," recalls a friend from the Forties.

But although Masferrer's enthusiasm for Marxism waned, his penchant for violence remained—if anything, it seemed to keep on growing. In the late Forties he formally broke with the Communists to organize his own political party; the party quickly turned into a pack of *pistoleros*.

"Masferrer could do anything—he could give a hell of a speech, write a brilliant editorial—but his favorite political instrument was always the pistol," Miguel Angel Quevedo, who knew him well in Havana, recalled once. He roared around Havana in a convoy of jeeps bristling with the tommyguns of his bodyguards. When you heard those jeeps, you got out of the way fast. People who got in Masferrer's way got in trouble: they'd vanish and never be seen again."

"And that was not the worst," I was told by Eufemio Fernandez, a former Havana police official. "If it was someone who really got in Masferrer's hair, he'd vanish and reappear a few days later as a corpse flung into the gutter from a racing jeep. The face was often a mass of unrecognizable flesh from being flogged with wire whips, and almost always there was evidence of sexual mutilation. Those gruesome dead bodies, the genitals hacked off or gouged off, the trousers stiff with dried blood—they really frightened people. Whenever a corpse like that appeared at dawn, people would say: 'The tiger took him.' And that was how Masferrer got his notorious *nom de guerre*: The Tiger."

Masferrer does not deny that his enemies got short shrift: "If someone looked to be dangerous, then of course we gave him no chance," he has remarked more than once, obviously satisfied that in politics the end justified the means.

That the means occasionally involved torture is something Masferrer thinks too childish to argue: "Kings could not rule without being respected; republicans could not govern without popularity; now, what a modern leader needs to command is to be feared," he told me in a reflective mood.

If being feared alone were a true measure of political power—as Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, Franco, Trujillo and other modern dictators often considered it—Masferrer would have to be counted a success: by the mid-Fifties, his name rhymed with "raw terror" for millions of people. He was also rich and, most satisfyingly, a sexual idol to untold thousands of women.

The one slur—even a hint of it—apt to trigger Masferrer's notorious "red rage" is the suggestion that his long career of force and violence ever involved forcing his amorous attentions on a woman.

"I don't wear my pistol belt to bed," the

Tiger growled. "Every now and then, to muscle an overenthusiastic dame out of my bedroom—that takes a little authority. Those aggressive New York girls with their muscular legs and long fingernails—what a wrestle they can give you!"

Whatever the reason, the Tiger has been lusted after by more beautiful women than most men ever dream of. One British singing starlet less admired for her smallish contralto than for her hugely curvaceous contours, arrived in Havana in the mid-Fifties for what was scheduled to be only a 24-hour stopover on a cross-continental personal appearance tour. Someone arranged dinner for her aboard the Tiger's yacht, the "Oleum 1," moored at the Havana Yacht Club; they say that when she tripped down the steep gangplank in her hip-hugging skirt, her open-armed, open-fronted sweater bulging like "God's own Godyear blimp" (as the Tiger recalled the scene for me) all the other boats nearby came alive with foghorns and whistles.

Next morning, the starlet scrapped her schedule and cancelled her hotel suite, ordering all her luggage to be brought to Masferrer's personal pleasure dome. It took the frantic enterprises of her booking agency's managing director—who flew over from London for the emergency—to get her back on dry land and into a scheduled plane again after ten days.

A famous Italian cinegoddess, who landed in Havana a few months later, had already heard of the magnetic Masferrer. Asked whom she wanted to meet: Hemingway? President Batista?—La Panpanini purred: "No, this is a large, what's his name—you know, *El Tigre*!"

The Tiger was charmed to hear of her wish—as the actress was hotly admired as the Raquel Welch of the Fifties—and when the sultry star returned to Rome, exhausted but ecstatic, she insisted that the male lead role of her next film—a swashbuckling outlaw who commands a gang of gunmen—be cast in the recognizable image of *El Tigre*.

In reality, Masferrer was no longer an outlaw. Anything but his ardent paramours' eyes. In real life he had become a lawmaker. His pistol-packing campaign workers, now nearly a thousand strong, took care of the opposition so decisively that in 1955 the Tiger found himself elected to the Cuban Senate. It would have been considered a joke by all concerned. "I've made my own law all my life," the Tiger told me with a grin, "but I've never needed to put it to the vote," except for the fact that it also made Masferrer a rich man. Within a year of his election, The Tiger had become a successful entrepreneur whose personal net worth was estimated in excess of a million dollars.

"Fortunes were made in Havana every night," wrote Ray Brennan, the seasoned, veteran Chicago crime reporter. "Graft soared monumentally . . . and killers like Masferrer called the turns. President Batista himself began dickering with American gangsters to open more gambling casinos in Havana. Chicago's Tony Accardo sent one of his bright young men, Marshall Caifano, to negotiate a deal. East coast mobsters itched to get in on the easy money. Among them were Frank Costello and Abner 'Longie' Zwillman . . . Alberto Anastasia of Murder Inc. got his head blown off in a barber shop . . . for putting the wrong kind of muscle into Havana."

To insure yourself against medical emergencies such as the unfortunate Anastasia's acute head infection of the cerebellum, your Havana setup had to swing

(Continued on page 54)

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THAT'S THE LAW

LITTLE EARS—Just before your murder trial you call your attorney from your office and talk about how you should dispose of the murder weapon. Your office switchboard operator eavesdrops on your telephone conversation and later volunteers as a witness at your trial. Can she testify against you even though eavesdropping is against your company rules?

Yes, said a Texas court. You could probably get her fired for breaking company rules, but she can get you sent up because the privilege of conversation between a client and his attorney does not extend to a third party who happens to listen in.

■ ■ ■

WILLFUL—Your wife is fatally injured when, due to the driver's negligence, she is run over by a bus. You decide to recover damages for her wrongful death. At the trial, the defense submits your wife's will in which she claimed you were a cruel husband, failed to support her and should get no more than one dollar of her estate. Can the accusations in her will influence your financial recovery for her death?

Yes, ruled a New York court. The amount you can recover is limited by the nature of your relationship as husband and wife, and her will proves that it was no great shakes.

■ ■ ■

BABY TALK—Your sixteen-year-old girl friend finds herself pregnant and on the advice of her parents, goes off to a home for unwed mothers. Soon after the baby is born, a social worker has her sign papers putting the baby up for adoption. Several months later, you marry the girl and she tries to get back custody of her child who has already been placed with another couple. Does she have any legal right to the baby?

Yes, ruled a Pennsylvania court. The natural mother should be given full consideration in such matters. Since she was not of legal age at the time, her consent to give up the baby was

not sufficient without the signature of one of her parents.

■ ■ ■

DOUBLE SWITCH—You are tried for murder, found guilty and sentenced to die in the electric chair. On the day of your execution they strap you in the chair and throw the switch, but nothing happens. Because of a mechanical failure, your life is spared and you are sent back to your cell. When they issue a new death warrant so that they can try again, can you claim that such treatment violates your constitutional rights?

No. The United States Supreme Court ruled that a second attempted execution is not a cruel and unusual punishment.

■ ■ ■

MONEY-MAD—Your friend introduces you to a very wealthy lady and after a whirlwind courtship you marry her. Soon afterwards, you and your friend get your moneyed bride to give you a check for thousands of dollars to invest in real estate. Check in hand, you permanently leave town and your wife. After she divorces you can she sue you for fraud?

Yes, ruled the United States Supreme Court. There is a privilege of communication between husband and wife, but it holds for utterances and not for acts which include a third person.

■ ■ ■

TIRED—As you are walking along the sidewalk you hear a loud crash and turn around in time to see a huge black tire rolling straight into you. When you get out of the hospital you discover that the tire came off a truck when the truck's rear axle broke. The truck had been negligently repaired with a new rear axle shortly before the accident. Can you sue the company that repaired the truck to recover damages for your injuries?

Yes, said a New York court. The company is liable to persons injured as a direct result of negligent repair work just as a manufacturer would be liable for dangerous defects in a new vehicle.

(Continued from page 52)

with the right muscle, and U.S. syndicate bosses quickly discovered that in Havana the right muscle was named Masferrer. "Meyer Lansky, Santos Trafficante, Tony Accardo—their Cadillacs all found the road to Masferrer's country chalet," reminisces a former U.S. law enforcement agent in Havana. "As often as not, Rolando would take them out fishing on his yacht; his crew would pack some bait, but his chief honcho, Argentino Feria, whom everybody called 'El Indio' would pack four-five girls from Mama Cuca's in the master cabin, and as soon as the Olukun II was clear of shore, they'd prance out on deck wearing bikinis made of fishnet. 'Just look at that fishnet,' Rolando would lecture them solemnly, 'all Cuban-grown yarn—this is a country of progress!' By the time those fatback syndicate biggies were through with the fishnets and with the Cuban-grown goodies in them, Rolando could sell them any kind of yarn. He was a great salesman—selling was just another form of aggression to him and he loved it—but figures bored him; he never knew exactly how much money he had."

But those were the times when The Tiger seemed no more in need of an accountant than King Croesus ever had been. Even his sporting practical jokes turned to gold. Madame Cuca was just a hard working, modest, respectable small business warehouse proprietor—three rooms, five girls on call, an icebox with a bottle of Bacardi for the regulars—when someone introduced her to Masferrer, and to this magical, masterful man she blurted out her dream: a case on the Malecon—for the carriage trade!

It was a dream all right; no warehouse had ever dared show its painted face on the elegant, upperclass, uptight seafront boulevard known as the Malecon. But to The Tiger it was better than a dream: it was the kind of monstrous, cruel, practical joke he loved to play on the stuffed shirts who thought the Tigers "not much better than gangsters."

Before 1956 was out, Mme. Cuca was installed as the *directrice* of Havana's most opulent showrooms of sin, right on the seafront, smack atop another set of lavish showrooms: the plush Mercedes agency. Its stiff-backed, well-bred German executives grew apoplectic with the "Schweinerei" of it all. But Mama Cuca's was no pig store. It quickly became an elegant emporium of expensive vice: tourists came to Havana from all over the world just for a visit to Cuca's salon, and a date with "something special"—perhaps a subteen girl in a white middy blouse, or a broadshouldered amazon in cruelly shining leather, or whatever the customer happened to desire. For those who wanted to see the sex shows that became a sort of municipal art in Havana during this era of sin, Mama Cuca maintained an annex—a villa with a large sunken swimming pool—in the Vedado suburb; it connected with the "town house" on the Malecon by limousine service. The night I happened to visit Cuca's establishment, the swimming pool of the annex villa was occupied by a pair of nude, struggling women: the guide explained that it was a Lesbian trying to catch and subdue a younger girl whose body had been made slippery with a coat of soap. After the sex show, and a tour of the erotic statuary in the annex, the guests were chauffeured back to town for a drink and a date—if they so wished. Needless to say, Cuca's proved a gold mine.

But by 1958 a tide of blood began to rise all over Havana, drowning the good times: the gold vanished, fleeing abroad. Now

(Continued on page 56)

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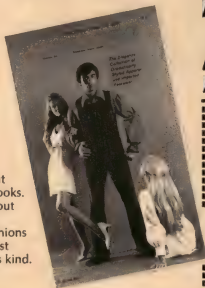
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(Continued from page 54)

Masferrer and his tigers were on the battlefield, challenged by the armed guerrillas of Castro's growing rebel army. No quarter was given in this bloody struggle to the finish; it is estimated that 300 tortured and emaciated corpses were found in the streets of Havana during this single year. Women got the same treatment; girls suspected of rebel activity vanished by the dozen into the "confidential houses" converted into torture palaces by the *Tigres* who now went about in uniform, carrying submachine guns and handgrenades.

Ray Brennan, a cautious, experienced reporter, has described one of these torture villas in precise detail:

"All day and all night a public-address system plagued the prisoners, with a commentary by a sadist with a rasping voice. It went like this:

"Listen, you prisoners, we are going to pierce the eyeballs of a man with a blade and then pluck out his eyes. We will do it slowly."

"They did it."

"The voice grated on, like a lash in the night:

"You women prisoners! Have you ever heard one of your Cuban sisters raped? You will hear it now. First you will hear her plead and beg, then you will hear her screams. You will hear her husband and two sons, too. They are being made to watch."

"There were interludes," Brennan reports, "of men being castrated, of boys having their fingernails pulled out with pliers."

When the bodies of such torture victims appeared, they showed accusing traces of terrible maltreatment. Two young sisters Cristina and Mana Sival who were grabbed together on suspicion of "revolutionary activity" showed up as anonymous corpses in a Havana morgue. The disposal report, sparse and brief, nevertheless indicated that "Their clothing had been removed and torn . . . the breasts of both girls bore marks of terrible beating . . . their breasts had been bruised and cut, the nipples apparently burned with a cigar or other fire-bearing instrument . . . Cristina's vagina was badly torn and what appeared to be semen was smeared on the thighs of both girls . . . both had been shot and in the lower abdomen (i.e., the crotch) several times . . ."

Talking of those months of horror, Masferrer simply says today: "It was like 'Hell Noon'—kill or be killed." We asked for no quarter, and we gave none."

Although this sort of comment is neither an explanation nor any sort of description of what took place during the last agonies of the Batista government, it contains—as most of The Tiger's observations—an element of truth. The advancing Castro forces summarily shot everyone suspected of being a member of the Tiger's best guess is that in three months the bearded rebels killed more than four hundred men, women or children on suspicion of being *Tigres* or Tiger sympathizers. In Santiago, once the *Tigres*' stronghold, Fidel Castro's trigger-happy younger brother Raoul ordered out a bulldozer to plow a long ditch: seventy-one roped-up prisoners were shot down with machineguns until the ditch was piled high with bodies. Prisoners who asked for last rites got a priest: when several complained that they were repentant of never having been baptized, Raoul Castro ordered a mass baptism with the water from the radiator of his own jeep. "But after we crossed them, we shot them, every man jack of them," he later told me with sadistic satisfaction.

Strangely enough, Castro's brutal mass executions probably saved Rolando's own life. He landed at Key West, on the lam—a couple of days after Castro's takeover—in

the Olukon II on January 5, 1959. All aboard—The Tiger, his bodyguards, a Cuban admiral who was also on board—were detained by Immigration, and the yacht given the most persistent search in maritime history. There were rumors that the Tiger had hidden more than a million dollars in high-denomination U.S. Treasury notes somewhere on the boat. Finding only about \$80,000—and faced with a furious extradition demand from the brand-new Castro government in Havana—Washington meditated sending Masferrer back to Havana in chains. But certain execution seemed like a harsh prospect for any suspect, and Immigration finally turned The Tiger loose in Miami in March 1959. Within weeks he was back in business running an armed, paramilitary force now called "Yankee Tigers."

Actually, only half of Masferrer's men were U.S. citizens, and after a while the *Tigres* just became known as *Tigres* again. But some of the American volunteers were effective fighting men. There was a former Navy jet pilot; a onetime Marine demolition expert; a paratrooper defrocked for recurrent bouts of boozing; a cotton-country knife-fighter wanted for half a dozen bloody slushouts in as many Southern towns; and dozens like them. With money rolling in from more than one furious anti-Castro refugee, Rolando Masferrer set up camp in Southwest Miami and declared war on Cuba.

Like all careful strategists, he set out to soften up the enemy by bombing. His mercenary-pilot flew sorties nightly from small, unguarded airports in South Florida; once his small plane was inside the Cuban shoreline, he began to scatter incendiary flares by the fistful. Faced with spreading sugar cane fires, Castro thought he was under attack from the U.S. government, and screamed bloody murder: tension and hostility between Havana and Washington mounted daily, which was exactly as the Tiger wanted it. Late in 1959 he decided it was time to end in a guerrilla beachhead of *Tigres*. The faithful Indio, long Masferrer's right-hand man, was picked to lead the force of forty-five men; among them were at least three Americans.

The little troop of *Tigres* made Cuba all right, landing smoothly from the *Alison*, a fifty-five-foot boat motor launch; but in a day or two everything went wrong. A local contact apparently betrayed El Indio to the Castro militia and the *Tigres* found themselves in a trap. Twenty were executed by the *milicianos*, including the three *yankee* volunteers. Trying to fly support missions for the beleaguered invasion force, the Tiger's pilot vanished over Cuba, his plane

apparently damaged by ack-ack fire and lost at sea.

It is, however, Masferrer's First Law of Tigermanship that rank-and-file *Tigres* may come and go, but The Tiger carries on. Maneuvering nimbly from Miami to New York, to Washington, to Atlanta to dodge inquisitive U.S. investigators, Masferrer recruited a new troop of hardchargers: full of fight but short on brains, none of them thought to ask where the previous crop of *Tigres* had disappeared. Besides, the *Tigres* were now out of the Cuba invasion business that had been taken over by the C.I.A., and Masferrer was told not to meddle.

There were a dozen odd nearby countries whose troubled affairs seemed to invite meddling—and Masferrer hates to waste invitations. In the early Sixties, a mean-looking little task force of *Tigres* appeared in Guatemala to help the local authorities deal with Communists: other Masferrer men popped up in Santo Domingo, in Haiti, in Nicaragua, even in distant, depressed little Paraguay. They were not always received with enthusiasm. In Guatemala, they were discovered diligently pitching bodies sewn into sacks from a military plane: when requested to explain, Papito, the group leader by virtue of having once served as Masferrer's chauffeur, explained that the canvas-wrapped bodies belonged to suspected Communists, and that, besides, they were being pitched out of the plane over the Caribbean Sea, not over land—Papito seemed to feel this made for softer landing. The Tiger contingent was shipped back to Miami posthaste, along with the Guatemalan police officer, Col. Barrios, who was found responsible for having invited them to Guatemala in the first place.

Other *Tigres* encountered similar lack of real hospitality in Haiti, where Dictator Francois Duvalier gave them 12 hours to clear out, with the firm promise of shooting any stragglers on the spot, and in Colombia, where the local police received word to lock them up overnight. But by the mid-Sixties a new, fertile field was opening up for massacre-trained mercenaries: Africa.

In recent years, the Congolese, Portuguese and Biafran mercenary forces have all acquired their small contingent of Masferrer-trained *Tigres*. He would have moved his own personal command post to Brazzaville or Katanga long ago, had it not been for three crucial developments that changed the course of his destiny.

The State Department had had it with the Tiger; there were complaints from half a dozen countries about his illegal activities, including the threat of a United Nations investigation of mercenary atrocities in Africa. Customs had had it: he'd been playing around with prohibited hardware far too long. Presidential Adviser William G. Bowdler had even committed White House support to the hunting of the Tiger, for the concern about his openly advertised Haiti invasion had disturbed the usual calm of the White House national security staff. CBS was also furious; the Interstate Commerce Committee of Congress had begun to ask sharp questions about just why the Tiger had been paid all that money for what was supposed to be straight newsmanship. There was, for once, a rare Establishment consensus up and down the Eastern seaboard: the Tiger belonged behind bars.

And so it came to pass: on January 3, 1969 the Tiger and nearly a hundred of his lieutenants, wearing jungle fatigues and a motley collection of firearms, were arrested among the Florida Keys. Masferrer was eventually handed a four-year prison term.

In Miami, however, the *Tigres* still meet every week. In an age of uncertainty and judicial future-shock, they are dead sure of only one thing: the Tiger is not through. The Tiger will be back!

◆◆◆

NEXT MONTH'S LEADERS

Wild Italian Joy House—Biggest European sex scandal exposed: a call girl house staffed by bored housewives. Fire Island Mafia Manhunt—Running from both the police and a team of Mafia hit-men, he was cornered on the narrow strip that's been called the most concentrated sex beach in the world. "We Give Our Men Any Kind Of Loving They Ask For"—an all-out tape-recorded session with five women who tell why the big thing in their bedroom is to please their men—no matter how incredibly erotic their demands.

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SVEND C. JENSEN, 59, of Carlton, Minn., was a Railroad Telegrapher for 35 years before he began his I.A.S. training. After completing his Home-Study Course and Resident Training, Mr. Jensen moved to California and was hired as a claims adjuster. "Fantastic but true" he writes, "to be offered a high-paying job plus company car on the first day of my arrival. I am now in 'Good Hands' with one of the Nation's best known insurance companies."



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WHAT'S NEW ON EARTH?



Stag Scans The World of Science

CROAKER CONFLICT— Baboons and lions will fight—occasionally to the death—for hunting territory. We know that. We also know that from time to time red and black ants in Africa and South America stage prolonged and murderous struggles. What scientists are at a loss to explain is why thousands of frogs swarm into a single swampy valley near Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and do battle for as long as six hours. There is absolutely no question about the seriousness of the fight. They bite and tear at each other and, at the end, scores lie dead or dying. Although it has been noted that at least four different varieties of frogs are involved, experts can advance no theory to explain why the battle takes place.

SANITY IN A PILL—At this moment there are more than 20 million people in the United States who either have, are now, or will undergo a period of depression deep enough for them to contemplate suicide seriously. Some will attempt self-obliteration. A great many of these 20-plus million are the victims of a chemical imbalance within the brain. We were aware of it before, but powerless to correct it. Now we can. Thanks to the work of a Stanford University research group, we now know that "agitated depression" is caused by a shortage of serotonin and that it need be neither permanent nor fatal. To correct the imbalance, a chemical called 5-hydroxy tryptophane, which the body can use to produce serotonin, is administered. Tests on patients revealed that within five days behavior changed, agitation stopped and the serotonin level was up within the normal range.

DROWN AND OUT—There's more to auto safety than seat belts, a padded dash and warning flashers. A car that can stop, turn, and take a bump, for example. But while Motor City is working on that, they've come up with another idea—a good one. It's a built-in, battery-activated, under-the-hood fire extinguisher which can be operated from inside the car. A second reservoir in the rear would flood the gas tank to quash the possibility of an explosion.

With luck, these life-savers may be standard equipment on 1972 models.

THE ENRIGHT ILLUSION—Here's a problem in perception that has all the experts stumped and a bit worried. Why worried? Because this kind of optical illusion could prove dangerous if encountered by astro- or aquanauts maneuvering in a strange environment. First, take the lenses from a pair of polaroid sunglasses and paperclip them together. Rotate them, one against the other, until about 90 percent of the light is filtered out. Then, as a passenger looking out the right side window of a car traveling at between 50 and 60 mph,

cover one eye with the filter. Keeping both eyes open, watch the scenery go by. If the filter is over your left eye, the scenery will seem to be moving faster than it is. If over the right eye, the car will seem to slow down. Three facts: 1) The darker the filter, the more striking the differences between right and left eyes will be. 2) The more shadows on the ground, the sharper will be the contrast between eyes. 3) The disparity between eyes will be equally sharp when the scenery contains many familiar forms like people, cars, animals and houses. Sounds simple, but if you can come up with an answer, Science will be much obliged—because they can't.

AS WE GO TO PRESS...

Possible answer to the air-traffic problem over major airports is being tested out now by the military. Flashing lights and beeping tone of anti-collision system warn pilot when other planes are around and tell him their course and altitude...

MEMORY, LOGIC AND SEQUENTIAL THINKING ARE ALL DISTURBED WHEN A MAN SMOKES "GRASS" SAYS DR. LINCOLN D. CLARK. FIRST SYMPTOM TO SHOW UP IS SMOKER'S INABILITY TO RECALL WHAT HE OR SOMEONE ELSE HAS JUST SAID...

Newest theory on relative stupidity of birds among the advanced creatures is that because they could fly away from danger, they were never forced to develop cunning minds other creatures were. Of the "stupid set," most intelligent is the crow with a brain weight of 9.3 grams. Next are macaws and cockatoos...

BIKINIS MAY BE NICE TO LOOK AT, SAYS A PHILLY DERMATOLOGIST, BUT THEY'RE DANGEROUS. REASON IS THAT FAIR-SKINNED SUN-WORSHIPPERS, WHO DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MELANIN--PIGMENT THAT ALLOWS TANNING--IN EXPOSING MORE AND MORE HIDE ARE RUNNING RISK OF SKIN CANCER...

Weirdo Of The Month Department: Superseeding skin grafts, freezing and sanding, latest method for removing tattoos is with laser. It actually vaporizes the pigment in the tattoo...

EMERGENCY LIGHT IS AT HAND WITH PLIABLE PLASTIC ROD THAT CONTAINS INNER GLASS TUBE. BREAKING GLASS INSIDE BY BENDING ROD RELEASES TWO CHEMICALS THAT GIVE YOU TWELVE HOURS OF STEADY LIGHT...

Cigar puffer's bulletin says that small cigars are richer in carcinoma-producing residues than same number of cigarettes...

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Continued from page 15



actually small. The sophisticated horse set look. Quiet style and a finishing school way of speaking. By her own boast, "... a very hot number."

Elena Nenni. Age 25. A glistening black-haired beauty. As ripe of figure as Margaret Baum is lean. Appeared at the taping by accident. Is a friend of Margaret Baum and was visiting her at the time.

Barbara Chan. Age 27, oldest of the five, yet their peer in ageless good looks. Mother English, father Chinese. Nickname used by friends and favored clients is the obvious one: Charlie.

In taped discussions such as these, some member of the group always seems to emerge as leader. The first to speak was Dorothy Birch, the youngest but an instinctive ice breaker.

DOROTHY: I'm sure you've heard my story before. It's right out of the confession books. ... I was what you call a 'high school pushover.' I liked boys. I was afraid boys didn't like me. To make them like me I did the same thing I saw my mother do to make her men like her. ...

I was also a high school dropout. I mean, what's the God mother sense studying how to run business machines when you're going to be cleaning someone else's house in Brooklyn Heights anyway. Right? Okay. So when I quit, I then became the high school pushover dropout junkie. When you live in Harlem you're really on it from the day you're born, whether you actually use it or not. It's always around you, tempting you—and usually getting you in the end. And pretty soon, just like anybody's fish, I was hooked. And I just wasn't making the \$70-a-day nut I needed to pay for it.

AC-DC, my friendly neighborhood pusher suddenly couldn't come up with any more credit buying plans for me and when I asked him what I was going to do, he just smiled and patted my ass and said, "Honey, what you got's worth a f— lot more than \$70-a-day if you sell it to Whitey downtown." I sniffed at him. He said, "I know, I know, you don't believe it. What's so special about my ass you're thinking ... Well, I'll tell you, I haven't ever seen a chick who balls as much as you do still look so much like she's cherry. What you have is innocence. That true Biblical look of innocence."

I asked AC-DC if my ass was such a good thing, would he take a little and let me have some more smack. He said no. He was on his DC side that day. But he said he would give me a little on credit anyway, one last time, if I would go see this man he knew who knew all about introducing girls like me to "the life."

MARGARET: Well get to what happens, for God's Sake. ...

DOROTHY: Right. Okay. Most mumps like this one like to send a chick out on a trial run first. A test. And if you're any other color but white, they really drag you through the fire. You've got to prove yourself twice as good in bed to get the same job the offy chick gets.

BARBARA: No. The color thing seems to work in your favor if you're oriental.

DOROTHY: The first john he set up for me was mean. He wanted a lot of tongue and lips first and when I didn't go down on him fast enough to suit him, he slapped me across the room. Then he grabbed my head between

his hands and pushed my face where he wanted it, so hard I was choking and gasping.

Then did he want straight sex? Nope. I'd never done the anal number, either. He pushed my face onto the mattress. It was an agony. I began to bawl. It was, "Oh, God, mama," over and over and over.

I must have really looked helpless. And all that yelling about God and mommy. That must have really intimidated him. ...

He quit all that dirty old man jazz. He was paying \$50 for me, though, so he wasn't about to pass up balling me. ... He was gentle from then on, though, and almost nice. And that's how I got through my first play-for-pay gig. ...

Now I've found I can get an extra \$25 or \$50 a night from some johns if I dress like a kid and act a little like a kid and throw in a little scared talk for good measure.

MARGARET: Twenty-five? Fifty? For that Pollyanna business? You're putting Margaret on, honey.

DOROTHY: Believe it. Don't believe it. I don't care. Right? Okay.

BARBARA: What do they say when they find out you're a junkie.

DOROTHY: (Grimacing in pleasure.) They don't find out.

BARBARA: How come?

DOROTHY: I mean they don't find out because I'm not a junkie any more. I went to a rehabilitation center like Topic House on Staten Island, and now I'm clean. And I feel good again.

SANDY: So why do you stay in the life then?

DOROTHY: (Giggling.) Would you believe I'm working my way through law school?

MARGARET: Only with difficulty.

DOROTHY: Well, you'd better try, honey. I'm in my second year at Columbia.

Margaret Baum spoke of herself frequently in third person singular, an interesting speech pattern which generally bespeaks certain personality problems.

MARGARET: To begin with I'm better off than Dorothy and some others of you. Frankly, I'm connected with a syndicate in Chicago that just has to be Mafia.

They tell you where and when and how to work and all that and just about run your ass off, but they're family. Margaret Baum never gets beaten up by a john, never gets gypped out of the pay. I never worked outside Chicago until I came to New York a couple of months ago. The Baum body is very hot even if its boobs are small. They do not call Margaret "the grinder" for nothing.

SANDRA: We're supposed to talk about the past, not the future.

MARGARET: Margaret was 17. Very smart kid. Telling people all over the place she was 23 and 25 and getting away with it.

Margaret is also very greedy for good things and very lazy about getting them. I was living in East Chicago with two other girls. I wanted to get my own apartment in a building I knew near the Loop; a man I was nuts about then lived at the same place. I needed money to move. I'd always wondered about balling for money. What the hell? Why not now?

I guess we all know someone who'll line up men for us. Dorothy did. I did too. Gus. All I had to do was ask. He was on the phone in two minutes. In five he had the deal made. Fifty dollars. No percentage for himself. He

said I might have to do some oral things for this man. Did I mind? I said no. I meant it. I was always afraid of being preggy. So I preferred using my mouth instead of my you-know-what.

Margaret met the man in his room at the Americana Hotel about an hour later. Was Margaret up tight? Dumb question. Is a pig's ass pork? Yes.

It all seemed ugly when Margaret walked in: The bed sheets already turned back. The Jack Daniels and ice and two glasses on the table. The sight of the guy standing there in jockey shorts that had been washed so much the legs were stretched all out of shape and let everything hang out.

But that wasn't what made Margaret Baum turn around and walk out. It was the cigar he just chewed and chewed and chewed while he touched her and started to undress her. She told him, "Either that stogie goes or I go."

He shrugged and told me the story wasn't locked.

I left. I only got as far as the lobby. Jerk. I was muttering. You need 50 bucks a couple of times over. The first 50's waiting upstairs, just about busting his jockeys. He's so horny you can hear him honk.

I went back up. I walked in without knocking. He was on the phone and I heard him say, with some pleasure, "Well, what do you know? Gus, she just came back."

Margaret sure had just come back. Right across the room without stopping so she wouldn't have to look at the cigar for more than a second. She pulled his shorts down to his knees and went down on him.

It happened so fast he was still on the telephone with Gus. He began talking to Gus and really liking being had that way. "You were right, Gus baby ... fantastic ... Ungh. Oh. That's it, honey ... Gus. You know what she's doing to me right this minute? She sure swings ..." He was still chewing the cigar.

There was silence when Margaret Baum finished. Once again Dorothy Birch pressed the starter button. "You're up next, Sandy," she said. Sandy obeyed.

SANDY: Well, I had some affairs with men before. I guess we all had before we became sisters. I'd always wanted to be an actress. I really was making rounds and trying out and was studying at Actors' Studio. Actors' Studio isn't all that expensive, you know, but when you don't have much to begin with, even \$100 a month looks like the national debt.

So. Like everybody, I needed money. ... I used to hire out for divorce raids. You know. Fake a wife case. I'd climb into bed with a guy, wearing some ridiculous black lace nightgown, and we'd sit there and yell, "okay, we're ready." The lawyers and private detectives would run in, cameras and flashbulbs going. Bang. Filmed evidence, eye witnesses to the husband's adultery. It paid me \$50 a shot.

I never got laid by one of the husbands. They never asked. I guess they were too goddamned unhappy at what was going on.

But not this one guy. He was the only man I'd ever seen who really seemed to see any humor in it. He mugged for the cameras. The lawyer had to tell him to cut it out and play it straight.

Now usually after the pictures, everyone would leave, I'd get dressed and go home.

But not this time. The guy really starts coming on. He says, "Well what do we do now?" I say, "Well, I don't know what you do, but I'm going into the bathroom and change and go home."

He says, "You mean that's all there is?" I say, "For me, yeah."

He says, "You mean we just go out and

(Continued on page 62)

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leave this room already paid for for the night and don't get any use out of it. That doesn't make any sense.

I say, "What are you trying to say, Jack?" He says, "Well, I'm going to be accused of bailing you. Your picture's going to be flashed all over court. What the hell, Sandy, we've got the name. We might as well play the game."

I say, "Listen. You only hired an actress for your \$50. Nothing more. What the hell do you think I am?"

He says, "We already know what. Now we're just talking about price." Just like the old joke, you know?

I got mad as hell, so I say, "All right, Jack. You want a price. I'll give you a price. A hundred bucks. That's my price."

He says, "All right. A hundred. That's for the whole night, though."

So that was it. Suddenly I was backed up against the head of the bed and getting it from this honky guy who must have been with me for at least a month. I mean, I was sore for two days later.

I wasn't thinking much about the fact that I'd really become a whore for the first time; he was really a pretty good lay and I was thinking only about that.

The fink. You know what he says when he's paying me in the morning? He says, "I was willing to go for a lot more than \$100 dummy . . . You shouldn't let yourself go without feeling out the market."

I say, "You forget you're the first I ever did it with for any price."

He says, "You could get more any time you want. You have something most hookers don't have. You really dig bailing."

I smiled. Yeah.

He says, "Don't laugh. What you really need is a good manager. I'm going to give you the name of a man who handles things like that, in case you ever decide you want to do it for a living. He's Mafia. But he's good."

I didn't call the pumber. But I never threw it out, either.

Then New York State passed the new divorce law. Now nobody has to fake adultery cases any more. All you have to do is file papers, wait two years, and you're divorced.

The day they passed the law was the day I was out of my job as a divorce case queen. I called the number that night. I've been a call girl ever since. I guess I'm the only one in New York who was put in business by an act of the state legislature.

Barbara Chan took the floor. Her account was interesting, of course, but somewhat familiar to Sandy St. Paul's. Accident played a part for her, too.

We shall cover Barbara Chan in summary, then:

She was a stewardess before becoming a call girl. In her own words, "My first money number came right out of left field." One night a stewardess friend named Connie telephoned Barbara and asked her a favor. A boy friend was in town. The boy friend had a vice president of his company with him. The vice president wanted a date. Connie said it would do a lot for the boy friend's position if he could arrange a date with another stewardess.

Barbara Chan said, "What you're really saying is, the vice president's heard that stewardesses are all sex gluttons and he wants to try one out. You're asking me to go to bed with him. How many others have you asked?"

Barbara's friend Connie protested no, no, no, but finally giggled and said, "Four others. They all said no. Help me out, Barbara Chan helped."

To her surprise, she liked the vice

president. When he finally got around to asking, she went to his hotel with no hesitation.

The rest in Barbara's words: BARBARA: He left early in the morning. Some kind of plant inspection out on Long Island. I didn't have a flight, so I slept late, till about noon. When I got up, I didn't need coffee and juice for an eye opener. There was a \$75 eye opener on the dresser. Two 20s, three tens and a five, held together by a paper clip. There was also something printed on the mirror with my lipstick. "Call me later: 222-6654."

I called that afternoon. Boy, was I naive. I asked him if he'd missed anything that day. He said no, why? I asked him whether he hadn't lost any money.

He hadn't lost the \$75. He'd left it for me.

Oh. He said he'd understood from Connie's boy friend that that was my price. Seventy-five dollars. That was what Connie's boy friend was paying Connie.

I said, "Huh?"

He said, "I think there's a communications gap here . . . You don't usually take money."

"I've never taken money in my life," I told him.

"Well," he said, still laughing, "now that you have the chance, how do you feel?"

After thinking about it for a minute, I really didn't feel bad at all. In fact, I liked it . . . About a year later, I decided to quit flying and do it all the time . . .

Elena Nenni's story was last and in many ways the most interesting and unusual.

ELENA: I ask some patience from each of you. I am sometimes not good with English. In Sicily they do not believe in teaching grammar to girls.

DOROTHY: You're doing fine, honey. ELENA: A little while ago, Margaret Baum, I believe, claimed to be different from the rest of you. No. I am the different one.

ALL: (Interesting.) Come on . . . Quiet . . . Yes. Let her talk . . . Well who does she think she is?

ELENA: I must try to explain why I think I am the different one . . . Everyone here who was deflowered at age 13, raise your hands . . . Aha. As I thought. No one . . . And everyone here who earned \$300 on defloweration, raise your hands . . . As I thought again. No one . . .

Well. I was deflowered, a gentle way of saying raped, at age 13, even before my first drop of blood. And the man who did it paid the lira equivalent of \$300 for the privilege.

ELENA: And that is what makes me different. My first sex act was a paid act. I have never made love for love's sake since, not in my entire 12 years at *puta*; I have never had a nonprofit sexual experience. God willing, I never shall. As I begin, so shall I end.

BARBARA: Well come on and tell us about this beginning.

ELENA: It was like this. The Mafia people who operate the whorehouses in Palermo periodically go forth and buy virgins. Now I know you have all heard Sicilian families are fierce as wolves when it comes to protecting or avenging virgin daughters. This is not always true. Daughters are often sent off with the Mafia people to the cribs in Palermo. But no one even speaks of this. As far as neighbors are concerned, the daughters are "brava."

My father sold me to the Mafia people who come that day. It was not that he loved me less. He simply needed the \$100 they gave him more.

At the whorehouse in Palermo, they wanted to be very certain that no one got to me to take my flower. Not that anyone could. A huge lesbian watched over me 24 hours a day. Every so often wealthy men would come into the room and make me lift my skirts so they could inspect the feel of my thighs and

buttocks, and to examine my breasts and teeth . . . The lesbian told me the bidding for my body was spirited.

DOROTHY: This may sound like a dumb question, but were you scared?

ELENA: This may sound like a dumb answer, but I do not remember. I was calm. But I knew too, that left alone for a minute, I would try to bite the veins from my wrists and end my life . . . Anyway . . . A week passed . . . The day came. No one told me but I knew it had come because a priest came to see me that morning.

I prayed that the man, whoever he was, would at least be handsome. And I prayed he would be kind. Did I ever pray he would be kind. For I knew nothing. Would he want me to touch his thing? Would he punish me if I was not supposed to and did. I did not know of such things.

I wanted to please. I prayed that I should please.

The man was young and handsome. But that is all that can be said for him. He was an oil merchant from Catania. He smelled.

He looked at me and said "Take off your own clothes, slut, so I can make a woman of you. I've paid \$300 for this privilege so I don't see why I should do all the work." I undressed. I stood before him, covering my hairs with my hands. He grabbed, in a rough way, that place which no one, not even my mother, had touched since I had been five. I began to sob but produced no tears.

He complained, "I thought you had more breast than you do." And, "They said you were . . . but I didn't think you were retarded."

That sort of thing. Then he said, "Take off my clothes now. For my \$300, I can oblige you to do that, too."

I took off his clothes. I took them off at the ends of his body. Shoes. His socks. His jacket, tie and shirt. I could not bear to go to the center, the fly of his trousers.

He seized my hand. He forced my fingers to pull the catch. His pants fell. I turned my head. He slapped me.

I looked. Ah! The thing. I screamed. That? Inside of me? *Bruto*. An enormity. The instrument of my death. I would be split. I prayed. I screamed again.

The screaming aroused him to still larger proportions. It excited him beyond control too.

He pushed me onto the bed in the room. He climbed atop me. He tried to guide himself to penetrate me. I kicked him. He punched me, once from the right, once from the left . . . I gave up then. I just gave up.

And then I was surprised.

I had been stabbed with a knife in the arm once. This penetration felt like that had. Painful but not unbearable. The worst lasted about ten seconds, certainly no more.

It was all over for him in about the same period of time.

This oil merchant was what we call in Sicilian, *i jettatore*, a maker of jets or spurts. Premature ejaculation, what call his problem here . . .

Even at 13, even though nearly out of my mind, I thought, "For this he paid \$300? It does not seem worth it."

Elena would not reveal how or why she had come to the U.S. She would say only, "Chicago is not the only place from which the Mafia sends its whores."

The session ended shortly thereafter. There was one last revelation from Barbara Chan, one which says something about the men who seek out such women.

She said, "I sometimes tell them I charge \$25 extra for oversized penises. That's all I have to say. I've never even had to ask for it money later. In the morning when they leave, every damn one just automatically adds \$25 to the basic price." ♦♦♦

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MAN'S WORLD MEMO



THERE IS NO SAFE DRINKING

WATER—Last year's cholera epidemic—which spread across the globe from Asia, the Middle East and Africa—points up one terrifying fact: Water is unsafe in almost the entire world. It used to be thought that only undeveloped countries, with their lack of sanitation, were breeding grounds for man-killing plagues. Not so. Pollution spreads so fast these days, each area is just another link in the chain of contamination. The only safeguard is constant community checks on its own water source. Once the local safety factor breaks down, the epidemic is on its way.

TOO HOT FOR THAILAND

—It was a wide-open brothel, running full blast. The girls who provided the sex were on full view, day and night—posing at their windows before, during and after sessions with their customers. When they weren't occupied in making Oriental-type love, they would lean out their windows and watch the children next door. "Next door" meant a secondary school in the city of Phrae, Thailand, and it wasn't long before every kid was on a first name basis with the houseful of whores. Finally, the headmistress of the school made her desperate move to break up this too-cosy arrangement. She bought the brothel and immediately shut it down. As she said, she had to protect her pupils from "ghastly sights and shameless behavior."

MARRIED CALL GIRLS TOP THEIR FIELD

—Take it both from men who've been with them and the hustlers themselves, married call girls make the best lovers. With most call girls, no matter how wild they act in bed it's just that—an act. With a mar-

ried call girl, in nearly 90% of the cases, she's in it not only for money but because she's starved for sex at home. She goes after her customer like a tigress—turning him on in ways he never dreamed of. There's nothing she won't do—from the oral route to anything in the Kama Sutra, famous "love book" of the Indians. And in those rare times where you hear of a call girl flipping out for one of her customers—giving him "courtesy of the house" whenever he wants it—you can bet your bottom dollar it's a housewife whore.



THE TOPLESS CUSTOMER

CAFE—Jet setters along the Riviera are being taken down a peg or two by a new sensation in their own hunting grounds. A man who claims he just "likes to look at girls" opened a wide-open restaurant where females may dine bare-breasted. This has caused such a sensation among the sunworshipping "beautiful people" that they are making pilgrimages to the place just to be part of the "scene." Which makes it great for tourists who like to get an eyeful, too—especially during the lower-rate season each summer. What the owner fears, however, is an invasion of "ugly people." One thing he can't stand, he claims, are fat, old, ugly women who insist on displaying their "charms."

LONDON'S BIG BRA HOLDUP

—The girls are throwing a monkey

wrench into London's airport security checks. Well, not really a monkey wrench; actually it's a metal-reinforced bra. When hijack-jittery officials installed metal-detecting devices to scan passengers for any weapons being smuggled aboard planes, they didn't reckon with the power of the female bosom. As soon as a girl with a wire bra stepped past the anti-hijack gimmick, the machine went berserk. Rueful comment of one airport bigwig: "The number of women wearing metal bras is extraordinary!"



HIS NUMBER WAS UP

—You'd think a plane crash was enough for one day. When their light plane crashed in Mississippi recently, the two passengers miraculously emerged alive. One of the victims, in an apparent state of shock, began walking towards the sound of cars on a highway about a mile north of the accident. As he stepped out on the road, dizzy and dazed, an oncoming car barreled into him, killing him instantly. The driver of the death car was not held, as police said the accident was completely unavoidable.

CANADA BUCKING AMERICAN

INVASION—A deep resentment of Americans is growing in Canada because of the Yank habit of buying up choice vacation property in the land of our neighbor to the north. Ontario seems to be bearing the brunt of the land rush. Places like Fort Frances and Rainy Lake, Muskoka Lakes and Georgian Bay, plus Cape Breton in Nova Scotia and the Gulf Islands across from Vancouver, British Columbia, are at a premium. What the Canadians really resent is that Americans who come to buy are pretty well heeled, and by offering higher prices walk away with the best parcels.

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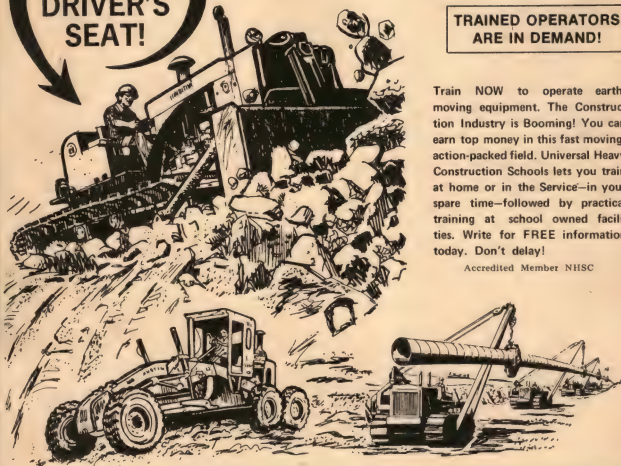
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"I CAN STEAL YOUR CAR"

Continued from page 36

his profession. For seven years, he had been a very active, very adept, very successful craftsman and businessman. But you see, his craft, his business, happened to be stealing cars.

"I'm straight now," Ron says. "I got a steady, legit job. I had to get out of the roguin' business. The heat was always on."

The more successful Ron became, the greater the hazard became. Infamy bred tyranny. The cops knew that the only way to stop Ron was to bug him to death. "I couldn't even walk to the corner for a six-pack without some flatfoot houndin' me" he says.

Ron made a habit of defying party line rhetoric. For example, the National Auto Theft Bureau says that 80 percent of car thefts would be prevented if we would lock our doors, pocket the keys, and use one of the many anti-theft devices on the market. "Bull," says Ron. "I can grab any car if I want it bad enough."

Besides, I never found a car I thought was worth stealing that was unlocked and had the keys in the ignition. Yeah, you can find \$2 cars like that. Cheap crap. The joyriders eat 'em up. But for guys like me who are out to make a good buck, it's a different story. Just in Chicago, 100 car owners wonder each day where the wheels went."

But most of these cars are stolen by joyriders, and 70 per cent of them are eventually recovered. When good-bye like Ron steal a car, however, it's a rogue-by-car.

Ron snatched and stripped 10-15 cars a week in his day, and played his many channels of distribution into a consistently fat pocketbook.

"I stole nothing but the best—Chevy 427s, Vettes, Caddies, Pontiacs, Buicks. If I was really drunk, I might grab a Plymouth or Dodge. I'd get up to three or four bills for an engine, a bill and a half for a box, 75 for the interior, 60 for a convertible top, and a sawbuck apiece for the tires, battery, radio and instrument panel. Even the glass is saleable."

Not all facets of Ron's business were so pleasurable. There were the long hours. There was the exposure to all kinds of weather. There were some hard-headed fences who wanted something for nothing. And finally, there was the fuzz.

"Somewhere along the line," Ron says, "someone musta ratted that I could do numbers jobs. I was gettin' picked up and charged all the time for alterin' engine serial numbers, whether the cops could find an engine on the premises or not. Also, if the fuzz saw me within a mile of a goddamn screwdriver, they'd charge me with possession of burglar tools."

"But they never made a charge stick. I had a sharp lawyer. He was really a friend. He'd beat the rap on some technicality, and the prosecution attorney and the cops'd end up with egg on their faces as the judge said, 'Discharged.'"

"I guess I was pretty lucky. But the more the cops kept comin' around, the more this feelin' kept creepin' up that they had to nail me on somethin' sooner or later. The bastards were chasin' me in my dreams. I couldn't stand it no more. So I decided to retire."

Ron came to Chicago at 16, after dropping

out of a Tennessee high school. At 20, when he was well into roguing, he married Trixie, who knew beforehand what business he was in. The couple made their home in a north side Chicago apartment, where they and their three children live today.

Short, stocky and rugged-featured, Ron sits on his living room sofa and tells of how he got into the roguing business. Trixie, an attractive, petite brunette, sits beside him. Their children—two boys and a girl—play with miniature cars called "Hot Wheels" on the floor.

"One afternoon," Ron recalls, "me and a couple of guys are just sittin' in this bar talkin' about nothin'. None of us is workin'. We need bread. One guy starts talkin' about stealin' cars. He says he stole a car once by jump-startin' it from under the hood."

"Then this other guy, Jack, he says jump-startin' is joyrider stuff. He says he knows an easier way. He says you can walk up to a locked car and be away with it in 30 seconds. It was his idea that got me really interested in the business."

"At that time, all you needed was a bent butter knife and a couple of screwdrivers, one large and one small. On hardtop cars, you stick the butter knife between the rubber along the windows, pull up the lock button with the bent end, and you're inside. With sedans, you pry out the vent window with a screwdriver."

"Once you're inside, you snap the collar off the ignition key insert with the large screwdriver, pry out the tumbler, stick the small screwdriver in the socket and turn 'er over. Nothin' to it. Thirty seconds and you're gone."

Seventeen-year-old Ron did not blindly plunge into the business. First, he did some thinking. With no garage yet available to strip a hot car, he took an expressway out of Chicago one day, pulled off the main drag, found a secluded wood area. Having made sure there was a large tree adaptable to holding a hoist, he cleared some brush away, and returned to the city with the knowledge that he was some kind of "underground" property owner.

"Me and this other guy are out drivin' around one night," Ron says. "We drive to an all-night parkin' lot and I park my car. I spot this new Chevy hardtop with the box, and I go to work with the bent knife and screwdrivers. I get it started, and my buddy jumps in my car. We go to the woods. Within an hour and 45 minutes, we have the engine and trans out of the Chevy and are back on the expressway to the city with the goods in my trunk."

"That night I go to bed sayin' to myself, 'Wow, man, you stole a car! You're a rogue! Right there, I tell myself, this is the business for me.'"

Ron says the technique of starting a car with only screwdrivers was practical until 1965, when most automobile manufacturers replaced the poorly welded, cheap-metal ignition collars with more durable, sunken ignition inserts. These sunken ignitions posed a genuine threat to the 30-second heist.

"This one night me and a buddy are out tryin' to get this '65 Vette with the sunken ignition. I'm pryin' on it with a screwdriver, but I can't work the tumbler out. The cops drive by, and we duck down out of sight. The

second time they drive by, they park a little ways down the street. We get shook, and sneak out the passenger side and take off. We come back a few minutes later, and see the cops just pullin' away. When they're out of sight, we get back in the 'Vette. It's winter, and it's colder than a son-of-a-bitch. My fingers are about numb. I can hardly work the screwdriver. I still can't get the damn tumbler out. But we want this Vette bad."

"Finally, I couldn't think of anything else but to cut the wires and take the ignition back to our car. After an hour the tumbler gave and we got the Vette, but I knew I had to come up with a better way to work on those sunken ignitions."

Ron soon came up with the dent-puller. With practice, he came to dent-pull his way to a heist in under a minute. He says you work the stainless steel screw of the whammie into the ignition until you get a good bite, then pull and the tumbler pops out. A screwdriver in the exposed socket does the rest.

Even the lock-mechanized anti-theft transmission and steering column conceived for 1969 cars fell victim to the dent-puller. Says Ron, "In one way, it's easier to steal cars with the anti-theft ignition on the steering column, because you can work the dent-puller in from the side, and you won't accidentally hit the horn."

"Some cars offer real challenges," says Ron. "Jeez, I remember this one car. It's a beat-up old Chevy with new buckets and a custom steering wheel. It really turns me on because it has this heavy chain and lock around the post, over the steering column, around the clutch pedal, brake pedal, and over to the shift lever. It has this other gigantic chain over the hood and around the bumper. I get to thinkin', why the hell is it chained up like this, if it's only a \$2 car?"

"So, one night, me and this other guy go out to grab it. I take a pair of heavy-duty bolt cutters and snap the chain around the post. I pop out the tumbler, pry out the screwdriver and try to turn it over, but it won't fire. I figure it might have a cut-off switch somewhere. Nope. Maybe the ignition coil? We snap the chain over the hood and open 'er up. She's got a new engine. Now I know this is more than a \$2 car. But the coil's O. K. So we decide to jump it with another car to get it started. I don't want to dent my car, so we go around the corner and steal a new Pontiac."

"I give the Chevy a push. I nail 'er, almost take the front end off the Pontiac. But still the Chevy won't fire. I push it and it fires down the street. We take the battery out of the Pontiac and put it in the Chevy."

"That does it. The Chevy fires up. We leave the Pontiac in the alley and run the Chevy to a garage we're workin' out of. When we strip it, we discover the engine is stolen, because we see it has a real bad numbers job on it. The cops woulda busted the poor bastard for it in no time. He was better off we took it away from him."

If there was one thing that turned Ron off, it was a car with an anti-theft alarm. "One of the first cars I ever tried to steal had an alarm on it," he says. "Me and this other guy are tryin' to get into the car, when all of the sudden the alarm goes off. It scared the crap out of us. Wheeee! We took off, runnin' like hell."

"From that time on, I didn't want to mess with cars with alarms on them. They're bad news. Unless you're desperate, you just don't take 'em. It ain't worth it, because you can find a better car down the block without an alarm."

As business mushroomed, Ron and his roguing friends expanded their facilities. They worked out of as many as five garages at a time. Profits ran off the chart.

(Continued on page 68)

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SEND NO MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

(Continued from page 66)

Sometimes Ron would rogue from dusk to dawn, "because we had the places to put the cars. Garages are easy enough to get. Sometimes we'd rent from guys we knew. We'd give them some parts once in a while as a public relations gesture.

"Other times, we'd rent from unsuspecting guys under fictitious names. But you gotta be careful who you rent from.

It was in such garages that Ron mastered the special art of doing numbers jobs on engines. "It takes about an hour to do a numbers job the way I do it," he says. "First I punch out the original number, hammering it 'til it's completely gone. Then I file it down 'til it's fairly smooth and even. After that, I take a set of 3/16ths stamps and punch on a new number. Sometimes my jobs are smoother than the ones they originally do at the factory.

No matter how smoothly a numbers job is done, police lab technicians have ways of telling that a number's been altered. However, if the job is done the way Ron does it, there is no way to determine the original number. In light of this, it is next to impossible to prove that a numbers job expert like Ron is guilty of the theft of a particular complainant's engine, even if he is nabbed carrying the engine down the street.

Ron's lawyer was a whiz at using technicalities to keep his client's conviction record spotless. "For example, this one time," Ron says, "me and this reguin' buddy, Fats, are sittin' talkin' in my car in front of my apartment, and these goddamn cops who know us pull up and say they're takin' us in. They trump up some goddamn traffic violation. They tell us to drive to the station, and they'll be followin'. When we get to the station, they take us inside and hold us in this interrogation room. They don't charge us with nothin', and they don't lock us up. I tell them I want to call my lawyer, but they say no. They hold us for five hours in this room. Then they finally come in with my dent-puller from the trunk of my car and arrest us for possession of burglar tools. I tell them, 'Hell, you can buy the damn things at Sears.' They finally let me call my lawyer. They then lock us up.

"My lawyer beats the rap. He tells the court the cops made an illegal search and seizure, 'cause they went through my car while I wasn't present. 'Case dismissed!'"

Like a lot of wives, Trixie wanted to know more about her husband's work. She begged him to take her on a job. Ron was unsympathetic. But one night, he finally gave in.

"He made me the lookout," Trixie recalls. "He told me to stand down the block a little way and watch for cops, while he worked on starting the car. I was excited, but I tried to be calm because I wanted to help him as much as I could."

"Yeah," Ron interrupts, "she kept runnin' over to me yellin' every time she saw a flash of headlights. She rattled me so much I had to tell her to sit down beside me and shut up."

Trixie continues, "We took the car to this garage Ron had at the time. While he stripped it, I rummaged through the trunk and glove compartment. I found 18 S&H Green Stamp books, all filled, in the glove compartment. I got some things for the apartment with them."

"Hell," Ron interrupts, "after that, every time I got ready to leave on a job, she'd beat me to check glove compartments, like that was the only thing I had to do."

Throughout his career, Ron had a market that wouldn't quit. "Who can you sell hot stuff to?" he says. "Are you kiddin'? To people! Who else? You're a car thief and they know you're a car thief. The word gets

around.

"I've sold stuff to fences, to drag-race. I've even sold stuff through newspaper want ads. Guys with wrecks are lookin' for noses, which can go for five bills. Guys with, say, 'Vettes with convertible tops want hardtops for the winter. Lots of guys want glass or a battery or a steering wheel."

"This one fence, Fred, had an auto parts and repairs business. He bought from a lot of us. He gave me a bill for every trans I could bring him. All of a sudden Fred tells me he can't buy any more 'cause he's got too many. Then I find out this other guy is sellin' to him like crazy for 90 bucks a trans. I go to Fred and he tells me he'll buy from me for 90. I tell him to go to hell. I don't sell for 90. I got no problem findin' customers who'll pay a bill and up."

Ron made a point not to leave his fingerprints in the wrong places. "I always wore gloves, from the beginnin' of a job to the end," he says. "I touched nothin' without 'em, not even beer cans."

Gloves came in handy for more than eliminating fingerprints. "I gotta admit," Ron says, "there was this one job I went on where I didn't use gloves, and I'll tell you it was the last time I ever did that."

"Me and this guy Jerry are out one night and we spot this 'Vette parked on a side street. We're both loaded. Neither of us has our gloves. So I use my socks as gloves. Did you ever try to do somethin' with socks on your hands?"

"Anyways, Jerry parks down the street and I head back for the 'Vette. I pry up the door button, get in, and lock the door. I'm workin' on the ignition with the whammie, when I get the end of my sock pinched and caught in the ignition. I'm tryin' to get my sock loose; I'm tryin' to pull out the whammie. Finally I pull out the whammie and get free. But the tumbler's still in the ignition and, worse yet, I've broke the whammie. So we go back to this garage we're usin' and get one. We come back, Jerry waits in the car again, and I get the 'Vette. I pop the tumbler and start 'er up. I'm in a real tight parkin' spot, so I back up, pull forward, back up again tryin' to work 'er out."

"Suddenly, this guy comes runnin' out of a house yellin', 'Hey, what are you doin'? That's my car! I make sure I've locked the door, and I start maneuverin' the car back and forth like a madman. The guy runs over and starts poundin' on the car, yellin'. By this time, I'm backin' 'er up when I should be pullin' 'er forward and bangin' into the cars in front and behind me."

"I don't know how I did it, but finally I get some room to move out. I shoot out of there, whooooo! I'm spokin' up the whole street. After I get a couple of blocks away, I slow down. I drive to the garage. Finally Jerry pulls in, too."

"He says, 'Where the hell were you goin'?' "Dial it, you see that guy yellin' and poundin' on the car?" I says.

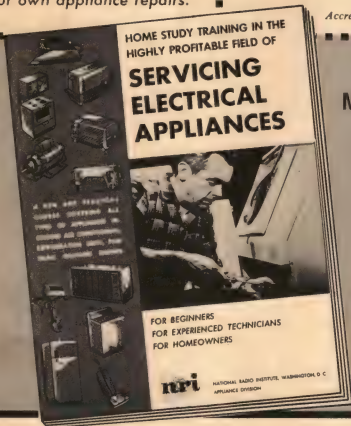
"Jesus!" he says. "Is that what happened? Man, you came by me doin' a hundred. You ate that street up."

The days of bangers, numbers jobs and fences—the ingredients of the roguing profession—are over for Ron. He has somewhat reluctantly given them up for a weekly salary and W-2 forms. But it's a different story getting the police to believe it. "Hell," he says, "I was tempted to go out the other night and steal a battery. I needed one for this car I bought Trixie. But I thought better of it. I knew the cops'd be watchin' me every step of the way."

"So I wound up going to an auto parts store and buyin' a battery. Shows you what an idiot I am, 'cause it turns out to be a lemon. I shoulda stole one. I got one in my car now that I stole, and I been runnin' on it for three goddamn years."

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GREATEST AIR RAID

Continued from page 17

the Benina strip under quarter flaps, accelerating to 140-mph near the runway extremity. A few of the ten-man crew gulped uneasily, feeling *Kickapoo* shudder as it strained to climb against an excessive 30-ton weight which included 3,100 gallons of fuel, and two-and-a-half tons of bombs, bullets, and thermite sticks.

Right up to takeoff, the mechanics had worked forty-eight sleepless hours fitting the Liberators with brand new Pratt and Whitney motors straight off the boat at Benghazi's bomb-battered docks. *Kickapoo's* power-plant quartet sang confidently enough as Nespor hauled on the stick. His men stationed throughout the ship, from the bombardier in the nose way back to the tailgunner in his ball turret, plugged in their interphone jacks and Nespor cleared his throat to begin the routine checkout litany, "... pilot to navigator, everything okay? ... pilot to radio ... pilot to tailgunner."

Nespor didn't get that far. They hadn't been aloft five minutes when his copilot snapped, "Engine on fire, Bob ... right outboard."

Even as Nespor saw the fiery cone erupt on his right wing, he kicked rudder controls, wheeling his ship back into the dust wall for a blind landing. The stick leaping like a live thing in his fist, Nespor kept the burning *Kickapoo* tamed until its lowered tricycle landing gear hit a sand-washed strip. The Lib bounced twenty feet, hit again, too far over and Nespor braced himself for unavoidable collision with the ferroconcrete telephone pole hurtling at him...

Death was an explosive furnace, mercifully quick, for Bob Nespor and seven of his men ... survival for the remaining pair was an ordeal of massive torso burns...

Smoke from the burning wreck corkscrewed skywards to blur the vision of the shock crews in midair. *Kickapoo's* following plane moved into the vacant slot. But no words of anguish or mourning linked 98th Group's forty-seven Liberators. All crews were under rigid orders to maintain total radio silence. Anyway, not a single member of the five-group, 1,780-man sky force nursed any illusion that *Kickapoo* was the only doomed Liberator of this mission. Every man had been told to his face that for an unknown number of them, this would be their last day alive.

At least half the senior officers in the 178 Liberators northbound over the Mediterranean near Turkey, August 1, 1943, had gleaned some inkling of their brutally-assessed worth in this wildest of all aerial gambles. Midway through the planning stage an operations officer had bluntly declared, "It'll be goddam butchery. I figure we'll lose

thirty-two planes, over three hundred men. I want no part of it." He was relieved and sent home. Mission chief Brigadier-General Uzal Ent, now on the flight deck of *Teggie Ann* in the lead bomber group, had protested, "Go in at ground level? Dear God, we'll lose seventy-five aircraft, and fifty percent destruction is the best we can hope for." And it was Ent who, speaking in harsh resigned tones to Colonel John "Killer" Kane, 98th Group commander, summed up the top brass's cold-blooded view of the stakes: "If nobody comes back from Ploesti, the results will be worth the cost..."

Ploesti... The importance of the smoke-stack forested oil-boom complex at the foot of the Transylvania Alps 35 miles north of Bucharest, Roumania, hinged on a trisium of twentieth century warfare: not only is petroleum the black lifeblood of a modern army but that goes for air and naval forces too. Ploesti powered Adolf Hitler's Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe, and Grand Fleet. Crude oil extracted from Roumain's rich production fields was piped into Ploesti to be chemically refined into gasoline and fuel oils, lubricating oils and greases. And in Ploesti's "cracking" plants, tremendous heat and high pressure turned ordinary gasoline into high quality fuel for high compression engines.

In 1942 Ploesti's forty refineries and six cracking plants were pouring half a million tons of precious petroleum into Hitler's war machine every month. But at first, smashing Ploesti was too much of a pipe dream to top the Allies' list of enemy industrial targets, though that's where it ideally belonged. Ploesti was geographically inaccessible to American and British land forces, then nowhere in sight of a European invasion and still bogged down in North African desert campaigns. Ploesti was no less secure from air assault, the refineries nestling safely beyond range of the best bombers that either Britain or the U.S. was launching from English airfields. Even had they been able to reach Ploesti, lack of fighter escort would have spelled disaster. According to Allied intelligence, Ploesti was the most powerfully protected target in all Europe.

But late in 1942 coded messages from intelligence agents and underground resistance fighters indicated something else. The Nazis were being forced to tap their reserve oil stocks. Since every gallon of aviation fuel was needed at fighting fronts in Russia, Europe and Africa, the Luftwaffe pilots-training program had been curtailed and oil economy measures kept even the crack warships *Tirpitz*, *Gneisenau* and *Scharnhorst* tied up in port. It all added up to a sudden tight squeeze for the Nazis. To

destroy their principal source of oil now might spell victory for the Allies within months.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill and President Franklin Roosevelt discussed the idea in Casablanca, January 1943. Redefining the faces of top U.S. Air Force brass in attendance, a good deal of talk also centered on the need for a bold American air exploit over Europe. The ballyhooed B-17 Flying Fortress hadn't appeared in England until seven months after Pearl Harbor. Another month had passed before the first U.S. daylight mission dropped a disappointing eighteen tons of bombs on a French railroad depot, and so far not a single Yank bomb had hit Germany itself.

Could Ploesti be bombed from North Africa? The only force available there was General Lewis Brereton's Ninth Air Force Bomber Command, its nucleus some twenty B-24 Liberators originally scheduled for a widely-planned raid on Tokyo to avenge Pearl Harbor. More realistic afterthoughts and the fast-changing war situation in the Mediterranean had forced a switch in plans. Halfway across Central Africa, the China-bound Libs were abruptly detoured north to plaster Rommel's Afrika Corps. The desert war had seemed since, but now Rommel's panzers were flushed permanently from Libya and American airmen bivouaced for keeps around the Benghazi airstrips. Ploesti suddenly appeared as a more attainable goal. The round trip from Benghazi measured 2,700 miles, the normal range of Brereton's Liberators was 3,500 miles.

Churchill and Roosevelt met again, in Washington DC, May 1943. This time the decision was finalized: The Ninth Air Force will bomb Ploesti and destroy at least one-third of Hitler's fuel production, hopefully shortening the war by at least half a year.

The American conferees were especially enthusiastic. Aside from the damage potential to the enemy, smashing Ploesti would spectacularly clinch the case for daylight bombing. This was the policy preferred by U.S. air strategists and desired by the rest of the Allies. By the time the program for clobbering Ploesti became officially tagged Operation Tidal Wave, Yank prestige was as powerful a factor in it as enemy petroleum.

To assist in the detailed planning, Lewis Brereton was joined by Colonel Jacob E. Smart, a top advisor from U.S. Army Air Force high command. Until Smart arrived at Benghazi everybody thought in terms of high-level attack on pin-point targets. When Smart spoke up in the heavily guarded green desert shack where Brereton held his secret planning conferences, half those present had him immediately figured for a galloping case of desert delirium. Smart's proposal: hit the refineries from zero altitude at horizontal flight. Smart pressed on, ignoring shocked glances. "The refineries are dispersed, not concentrated. . . . Supposing we scrounge 200 bombers for the strike, from high altitude they might 't hit a damn thing. We have to smash relatively small, critical installations. . . . Near-misses won't work, they'll be surrounded by blast walls. They've got to be precision bombed. . . . That means a low-level strike. . . . Most of the mission will be over enemy-held land. . . . To duck under his radar, confuse his flak gunners, dodge his high-flying fighter scouts, means the final approach will have to be ground-hugging, too. Barrage balloons? Your wings will break the cables."

Smart spoke persuasively. General Brereton agreed in principle. It would have been tough for him to have done otherwise since Smart had already gotten his plan approved by General Dwight Eisenhower and the Combined Chiefs of Staff. But not even Smart's arguments could rob the scheme of its suicidal element. Some of them

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actually underscored the nightmarish risks involved. Several members of Breton's staff wondered out loud whether Smart realized that he was asking the fliers to do but, Smart had an answer for that one too. He intended to fly along with them.

Preparations were concentrated into a couple of hectic months. No air pictures of the Balkans were readily available and no preliminary air reconnaissance was possible for fear of tipping off the Ploesti defenders. So prewar photo collections of Southeast Europe were furtively ransacked, topographical scale mockups secretly built and studied. Vast areas of southern England and northern Libya were staked out for low-flying rehearsals. Like hedge-hopping elephant seals, clusters of the fat Liberators thundered over hill green meadows and burning desert, panicking cattle and camels, at least two of the bombers slamming into each other at treetop height, wiping out both crews.

The 376th and 98th Groups were already at Benghazi. The 44th, 93d and 389th flew out from England. And as preparations quickened and the target date of August 1 drew closer, something else was noticeable... a potentially demoralizing, last-minute pessimism. The target remained top-secret, but a major mission was obviously in the cards. Bitter scuttlebutt soon circulated that... *the brass had dreamed up some big and brainless stunt and now they know goddam well it will mean the kiss-off for half the crews but they don't want egg on their faces by calling it off.*

There was a sudden increase in the morning roll of amoeba dysentery patients. Fliers in the infirmary tent began praying they wouldn't be restored to active-duty before the raid. The vague suspicion that a gory sacrifice was being arranged even seized some of Breton's staff officers, flickering close to alarm when a special signal flashed in from General Hap Arnold in Washington for his adviser Colonel Smart: *You are not, repeat not, to fly on Operation Tidal Wave.*

And even after the Ploesti-bound force took off, some still found reasons to back out. "There goes another," grunted Vince Hibbert over the interphone. Coiled in the ball turret of *Happy Virgin* he'd counted four astute ships of Killer Kane's 98th Group feather a prop and wheel back for Benghazi. Two jettisoned their bombs and extra gasoline into the sea to lighten ship for emergency landings. Altogether there were eleven "abortives"—turn backs—on the Mediterranean leg of Tidal Wave and seven

of them came from 98th Group.

This was no reflection on Kane's outfit. During the campaign against Rommel, the trail of the 98th consisted of one bomb-battered Nazi stronghold after another. The Germans had themselves dubbed John Kane the "Killer," he was already a desert legend when his name was added to Tidal Wave's roster. Equally legendary was the gutsy loyalty of the men he led. But of all five bomber groups en route to Roumania that morning, none were as battle-worn as Killer Kane's green-and-loam camouflaged Liberators. Dust clogging hydraulic lines, sand-scoured cylinders, frayed control cables, anything could have legitimately caused those bombers to drop out of Tidal Wave.

Still, thought Hibbert as the sun glinted off another aborting B-24 whose tailgunner and copilot flashed him a farewell thumbs-up, *those guys look too goddam happy about it.* He swallowed his envy, winked at a Scotch-taped pinup of Betty Hutton over his left shoulder, and began crooning to himself, *"Don't sit under the apple-tree with anyone else but me..."*

Up front on *Happy Virgin's* pilot deck, Lieutenant Kent Gallo was having a tough time holding formation with the echelon leader. Visibility wasn't too good thanks to a blue cloud-mist that now enveloped the planes as they neared the Nazi-held island of Corfu, and worse from Gallo's standpoint, he'd just gotten over a rough attack of dysentery. Or thought he'd gotten over. The pain returned now to stab and burn his entrails, and nausea kept gurgling to his throat. So far, Gallo hadn't told Chet Baines, his copilot, how he felt.

In the absence of radio communication, leaders had been instructed to maintain 500-yard visual contact at all times. But the mist thickened, while simultaneously the 98th Group's war-worn Liberators lost pace. The groups were flying according to plan, 376th Group leading, followed by 93d Group, 98th Group, 44th Group and 389th Group, in that order, but with the bombers three hours out the distance between 93d Group and Killer Kane's force had widened so much they could scarcely see each other. By the imminence of landfall an omission leader, squinting out of Teggie Ann, was unable to see Killer Kane's ships at all.

Uzal Ent saw something else though, as did scores of stunned crews in the two lead groups. For no apparent reason a 376th Group Liberator's snub nose jerked up,

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dropped, soared again and didn't stop until the sub-sided bomber practically stood on its tail... then spun sickeningly into the sea.

A second Liberator immediately dived to wavetop level and circled the spreading oil slick, pilot hoping to drop rafts to survivors. In *Teggie Ann*, General Ent pounded his knee, yelling, "For God's sake, didn't he hear the order back at Benghazi never to break formation?" The general watched, then groaned. "I knew it, I knew it." Seeing no trace of survivors, the pilot had struggled to lift his ship back into formation but the Lib was too overloaded to make it. The bomber turned back to Africa.

That leaves a total of 164 Liberators and now it's noon, the bombers are flying overland, first two groups one behind the other and in visual contact, Kane's planes trailing far behind and slowing the two groups following. At no time has radio silence been broken. But the precaution no longer matters. Unknown to allied intelligence an elite German team of signal interceptors based near Athens recently broke the Allied code, had been reading Ninth Air Force transmissions. The bombers' destination remains a secret, but early morning alerts were flashed from Benghazi to Allied air, sea and ground forces throughout the Mediterranean theater announcing the takeoff of a big air mission from Libya. This was done to prevent repetition of the tragic foul up during the invasion of Sicily when Allied warships shot down dozens of American paratroop carriers by mistake...

The Germans had intercepted and decoded the alerts. Their defenses are braced. The bombers are sighted by a Nazi spotter on Corfu, his excited report is relayed across Greece, bounced from an 8,000-foot Bulgarian mountaintop radio post into Roumania... "Many wings... American

... position twenty-four east... bearing thirty degrees.

Responsibility for defending Ploesti is in the confident hands of Luftwaffe General Alfred Gerstenberg. His confidence is justified. Forty 88-mm. flak batteries surround *Festung Ploesti* and the periphery is studded with additional batteries of eight 37-mm. and four-barrelled 20-mm. cannon. Beyond these, the fields and forests are infested with machinegun pits and towers. More guns are mounted on factory rooftops and at bridge approaches, concealed in church steeples, haystacks, fruit-groves. On an airfield east of Ploesti ground crews have fully armed and gassed up twenty all-black twin-engined Messerschmidt 110s and four wings of 109s.

And Gerstenberg plans a special surprise for the invaders: a flak train, a quarter-mile string of railroad freight cars carrying gun crews, quarters, ammunition magazines, dozens of 37-mm. and 88-mm. antiaircraft guns. Now it's 1:30 PM, Gerstenberg orders the flak train rolled along the railroad spur northeast of Ploesti. 200 miles to the southeast over Yugoslavian mountains General Uzal Ent in *Teggie Ann* and other pilots of the two lead groups anxiously phone their tailgunners... "Any sign of the guys behind?" The question is repeated and the answers don't vary... "No sir. Nobody in sight."

Lieutenant Gallo suppressed a wince. His abdominal pains weren't letting up. "Pilot to navigator," he labored. "Where the hell are we?"

Sergeant Phil Toler was in the act of clawing open a box of K-rations. He gulped coffee from a thermos, cursing it for being lukewarm, and stared gloomily at the sketch map supplied by Intelligence. Toler shivered from cold and uncertainty. Many of Killer

Kane's men were dressed in desert cottons, they hadn't figured on the high altitude flying forced on them by unfamiliar mountain ranges. Toler wore sandals and his toes felt like ice cubes.

"That fix, navigator," rasped Gallo's voice on the interphone. "How about it?"

"We're over northern Greece, skipper." Toler tried to sound confident. "Due east of the Albanian Alps."

"They we're straying off course," copilot Baines broke in. "What's the Killer up to, for Chrissakes?"

Colonel Kane had already kicked his ship into a leftward bank to swing his Liberator, nicknamed *Hail Columbia*, back on more northerly course. Behind 98th Group the trailing 44th and 389th dutifully followed. But the error, though not prolonged, had lost them further time. "It would take an army twelve months to fight its way up there and smash Ploesti," Kane had told his men at the pre-mission briefing. "We aim to do it with less than two thousand men in a single afternoon. We're gonna knock out Ploesti or die like bastards trying..."

Now Kane pondered the chances of Tidal Wave ever swamping Ploesti. For damn sure, the mission wasn't going entirely to plan. The five groups had split apart. But Kane knew one thing. However much they were behind in schedule, he'd get his men to Ploesti! At 2 PM his thirty-eight bombers climbed over alpine peaks, groped down out of mountain cumulus... then were racing in a shallow dive northeast over Roumanian cornfields.

Hail Columbia's navigator reported, "Final I.P. dead ahead... Floresti." Thirteen miles west of the planned bomb line, Floresti was the third and final Initial Point selected by Tidal Wave's planners. Now Kane spun *Hail Columbia* east for the climactic three-minute run to the target



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zone. His route paralleled a railroad track... the same one Gersternberg's flak train was parked on. Kane's pilots sorted themselves into three ten-plane attack waves and a fourth of eight planes. The 98th planned target was Astro Roma... 334 storage tanks and distillation plants, annual productive capacity 2 million metric tons, the most valuable oil refinery in Europe. Here we go, thought Kent Gallo in the first wave as he dived to 100-foot altitude and opened his throttle. Then what he had taken for sun-reddened storm cloud towering over the target area became obvious as something else and Gallo shouted, "Jesus Christ, the damn thing's already on fire!"

Despite all the careful preparation and training, Operation Tidal Wave's time-tabled design of dovetailing assaults on four main targets in the Ploesti complex has fallen apart, the mission is hellbent for dreadful tragedy. Running north across Rumania the two early groups, 376th and 93d, turned east at the wrong railroad crossing, the second I.P. twenty miles short of Floresti. The gross error locked 85 low-flying Liberators on course for Bucharest. Half of them had reached the suburbs of the Rumanian capital when a 93d Group pilot discovered the mistake and shot radio silence to hell with a frantic call to General Ent's plane. Any lingering surprise element was blown. Air raid sirens howled all over Rumania as the Yank force wheeled in a tight turn northward to come at Ploesti on an axis of attack no one had been briefed for.

Gersternberg stitched the sky with a welcoming network of 88-mm. shellbursts and sheets of machine gun slugs. Within split seconds, three first wave Liberators were fireballs, a fourth with both wings blazing had fallen into a storage tank, and General Ent's voice on an interplane radio was bawling, "Attack targets of opportunity!"

So the crews have unloaded 500-pound and 1,000-pound demolition bombs and clusters of incendiaries on targets assigned to other groups, bombardiers aiming fast and true through improvised low-altitude sights from planes thundering every which way at below smokestack level. Ploesti erupts in a blazing chaos of exploding storage tanks, spinning tank-tops, cartwheeling smokestacks. And the carnage of B-24s mount fast, short-fused Nazi shells touching off thermite loads with flaming shrapnel, while other Libs disintegrate in midair as their hurtling wings knife through balloon cables festooned with contact explosives.

Kent Gallo aimed his Liberator at a group of still-smoldering Astro Roma smokestacks sprouting above the flame-pitted black swirl. Ahead and below, innocent-looking haystacks opened wide as a whore's legs and squat Bofors barrels poked out belching. Gallo sprayed their scuttling crews with his fixed front guns until they jammed, then yanked hard on the control column, felt Happy Virgin shudder as her belly scraped the treetops.

"That goddam train!" howled Chet Baines. The cockpit was glaring out the right window at the fierce ripple of gunflashes down the length of Gersternberg's flak cars. "Kent, can you pull over?"

Too late... Happy Virgin took a tremendous wallop in the nose, Gallo gagged on an uprush of stinking cordite, and a whirlwind swept in through an unseen flak hole. The shell blast hurled Gallo's compass from its rubber mount, shivered the radio in a spasm of popping scrap, and someone in the fuselage screamed.

"It's the bombardier, skipper," came Phil Toller's voice on the interphone. "Jesus, his legs..." The navigator's voice began to shake.

"Knock it off," snapped Gallo at once and ordered his radioman to tend the bombardier's wounds. "Pilot to navigator,

take over bombardier's position."

Someone amidships was screeching gleefully... the left-waist-gunner as his long chattering .50 caliber bursts swept a line of tank-top gun crews off their perches. A Liberator up ahead of Happy Virgin wagged its 110-foot wingspread and split in fiery halves like a blossoming rose. Smoke from the wreck as it plunged smothered Gallo's vision, then Happy Virgin was bucketing clear of it and Gallo roared, "Directly ahead. Those stacks... that's a goddam cracking plant!" Forgetting his still throbbing guts, Gallo tilted the stick forward, took Happy Virgin so low that flak gunners trying to pick her off killed their own men on opposite towers.

Drafts whistled through a thousand shrapnel holes. "Okay, Toler," shouted Gallo. "We're coming up on target."

"The bomb sight, skipper. It's in bits..." "The hell with the bomb sight!" screeched Toler. "Lay it on 'em... Now!"

Toler toggled the bombs. A pair of 500-pounders timed to go off in 45 seconds turned into a chorus of voices. Crossed the interphone, top turret gunner pleading with Gallo to take Happy Virgin in even lower so his twin fifties could strafe enemy machine gun posts, waist-gunners excitedly reporting hits... then a voice from the tail turret. "Skipper, that cracking plant... looks like we cracked the bastard wide open."

"Thanks for the confirmation, Hibbert," Gallo added. "How's everything back there?" Something heavy booted Happy Virgin's rear. Gallo repeated, "Pilot to taguinner. I said, how's everything?" No answer. The Liberator was vaulting fiery pyramids like a mad bull. "Left waist-gunner check Sergeant Hibbert in the tail turret."

The gunner's report hit Gallo worse than any dysentery spasm. "Top half of the turret's gone, skipper. Hibbert's dead. His head..."

Vince Hibbert's head had been taken off by a 20-mm shell, the still attached lower half of the ball turret was awash with his blood.

"Back to your guns," barked Gallo. "Low flying bandits at seven o'clock. 109s, I think... Watch it... watch it..."

20-mm cannon slugs laced the already well-ventilated Happy Virgin but the top turret guns blazed as a Messerschmitt shot overhead and hit or not, it ploughed into a snarl of burning tanks and girders, hung its right wing in a smokestack and exploded.

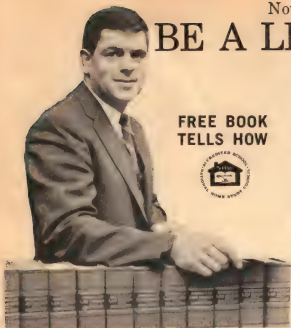
Gallo began a crew check without response. Baines ducked back inside the fuselage and returned to explain that the interphone system was out. "Hydraulics, too, I think."

Gallo nodded grimly, smelling the fluid. He rasped, "Let's get the hell out of this mess."

Massive fireballs were dancing about the shattered installations they flew over. Other 98th Group bombers rocked along at full throttle and at Gallo's 50-foot level. The two following groups had fanned out to blast other ad lib targets. Overhead, two more layers of Libs criss-crossed through flak storms and higher yet waited Messerschmitts whose pilots refused to risk cremating themselves in the fiery bedlam below.

Ploesti was an inferno but its defending flak batteries were far less silent. Tormented by salvoes, Happy Virgin rollercoasted and wing-rocked to shake them off, and had almost made it when an 88 burst under the left wing. Gallo felt an invisible hand rip his chest bare, he gazed down stupidly at reddening torn jacket and his flesh in strips like bloodied wallpaper peeling from glimpsed white ribs. He gasped and blacked out. As Happy Virgin began to slide

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off one wing Baines grabbed the controls, babbling to himself *Christ, this has to be a nightmare, the ship can't possibly remain airborne.*

Happy Virgin staggered out of the Ploesti inferno a crippled ship, a winged abbatoir housing a decapitated tailgunner surrounded by his still hot bullet casings, a waist gunner dead at his blistered gun barrel, the other waist-gunner thrashing with a fire-extinguisher in a slippery gruel of blood and hydraulic fluid, trying to douse a fire amidships. And a still conscious bombardier with mutilated legs enmeshed in a tangle of wires, fragmented equipment and plexiglass shards.

The bombardier might die, thought Baines, even Gallo slumped beside him. Like dozens of other Yank pilots during that incredible thirty minutes over Ploesti, the copilot fought an agonizing dilemma . . . whether to crash-land his unscathed crewmen into captivity so the wounded might be cared for, or fly on to freedom and let them die.

Happy Virgin flew on.

In varying degrees of luck, terror and tragedy, the experience of Gallo's crew is multiplied throughout Tidal Wave's now disorganized but wholly valorous force. A 93d Group bomber is a flying blowtorch after repeated hits but the pilot maintains course to dump his entire load on a single refinery before refueling the detonating blaze with his own firebreathed ship. The flak train downs eleven B-24s from this Group, one Liberator crashing into a woman's prison to cremate its crew with a hundred screaming prison inmates. Jammed bomb doors on one Lib are hammered open manually, the bombs plummeting down for direct hits on the flak train's locomotive. Killer Kane's outfit, legitimately permitted to abandon the target when they found it already burning,

have bombed instead wherever they can, flying through so much fire that Kane knows death for each of his men has got to be a straight ticket into heaven because Ploesti is their purgatory. Some of his Libs explode in the blasts of delayed-action bombs dropped by the earlier visitors.

A Messerschmitt piloted by a Roumanian lieutenant slams into a Liberator and inextricably locked, the planes fall on Gersternberg's flak train. Two 93d Group bombers piloted by close friends survive the Ploesti inferno only to collide and plunge as they turn for home . . .

In the short duration the Americans are over Ploesti, forty-four Liberators fall into

the flames. At least 330 airmen die and 108 more, half of them grossly mangled or burned, crawl and hobble from their wrecked ships into enemy captivity. German and Balkan interceptor planes ambush the crippled planes leaving Roumania and down three. Eight mauled bombers with no chance of recrossing the Mediterranean make it to neutral Turkey where their crews are interned for the rest of the war. On three or even two engines, twenty-three ships (including *Happy Virgin* and *Hail Columbia*) stagger to allied bases on Cyprus, Sicily and Malta. Of the eighty-eight that miraculously stay intact long enough to reach Benghazi, where dumbfounded brass gape at the Roumanian constabls snarled in crumpled or dangling bomb doors, fifty-five Libs almost fall apart from the battle damage the instant they touch down.

Despite lost coordination and the bombing of wrong targets, Operation Tidal Wave knocked out half of General Gersternberg's flak batteries and wrecked some 50 percent of Ploesti's refinery and cracking capacity in little more than an hour. But the raid couldn't be followed up, 10,000 Russian slave laborers returned Ploesti to full production inside a couple of months. Not until 1944 did repeated Allied raids totally destroy the complex. The Russians rebuilt it and today Ploesti is back in business.

As for the raid itself, the passage of three decades have diminished the significance of arguments over whether it was worth the terrible cost. That it was in fact reality and no incredible nightmare can only be attested to today by half-forgotten Pentagon files . . . and the memories of under a thousand middle-aged and elderly Americans unable to say whether the mission was triumph or blunder but quietly convinced for as long as they live that on August 1, 1943, they rode through the mouth of Hell.



"She liked to write poetry in the bathtub, so I bought her an electric typewriter."

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THE LOVE CAVE

Continued from page 35

done."

Max could see the scene clearly. Helen smiled. "You lie," she said. "But I love you for it." She came to him. Max patted his lap. Helen sat down slowly, not sure of what she was to do.

"Like this," Max said. He turned her around so they were facing each other. Helen was smiling in a nervous way.

"I must say—Florida seems to agree with you," Helen said.

Come here, Max said.

Helen did as he wanted her to. She had a little trouble getting settled properly, but once she did, she leaned forward and kissed Max.

"Dear, crazy lover," she said.

And they remained in the chair for a very long time.

Max settled now, flat on his back, the sea carrying him. They hadn't had such a good time sexually for years. When they were done, Helen had said, "We mustn't forget about another when we get home."

"Not on your life."

This idea of a second honeymoon was working out just fine.

Max and Helen Waley had been married for eleven years. They had two boys, one nine, the other seven. Max was the manager of a lumber yard in Dallas. He was 31; Helen was 29.

They had been childhood sweethearts, had married young, and had enjoyed fully the youthful passion of their first years together.

But for the past two or three years, their marriage had somehow begun to slide downhill. There had always been arguments about one thing or another—money, the children, buying a new car—but the last year, their arguments had turned into fights. Coldness that used to last for a day now persisted for a week or longer. Their times in bed became less frequent and less pleasing. Both of them were near desperation.

Max wasn't a "talker" when it came to problems. He had always believed a man should be able to handle his troubles by himself. But after a year of watching his marriage come closer and closer to the rocks, Max finally did do some talking.

He chose Harry Kurfist, a man who had worked with him at the yard for more than five years. They often had lunch together and it was during one of these lunch hours that Max told Harry about the trouble he was having at home.

"It's like the gravy on your plate got cold," Max said, "right in the middle of dinner."

Harry listened to Max for a while. Then he told his friend that the same thing had happened to him and his wife a few years ago. They had stopped the crumbling with

the time-honored remedy of leaving the children with Harry's sister and her husband and going on a second honeymoon.

"By the second night we were down there," Harry told Max, "all the arguments were over. And after the fourth or fifth day, we were making it like kids again. You ought to try it, Max. You'll talk away 31 and come back 20."

It took a little taking before Max finally convinced Helen that they ought to at least try this. They left the boys with Helen's sister, who had three boys of her own and, two weeks after Max had suggested the trip, they were on a plane heading for Miami Beach.

And just as Harry had said, the first night there, both of them were far easier with each other than they had been in years, and by the third night in the small hotel years seemed to have fallen from both their bodies.

The only trouble was that with everything working just as Harry had said it would, Max still felt something missing and he could not figure out exactly what it was.

On this morning, he had opened his eyes at six a.m. and had stayed in bed for an hour, trying to get back to sleep. When he couldn't, he slipped quietly out of bed and went to the bathroom where his swim trunks had been left to dry on one of the towel racks.

When he came back to the bedroom, Helen opened her eyes. In a sleepy voice, she said, "What time is it?"

"Only seven-thirty," Max said. "I'm going for a swim. Want to come?"

Helen pulled the sheet up so it covered half of her face. "Sleep," she muttered.

Max went to the bed, leaned over and kissed the side of his wife's head.

The sight of a deserted beach made Max feel good. He walked for a while along the edge of the water, the breakers washing in over his ankles, a warm wind blowing.

Max looked down at his body. No paunch. He was glad of that. He had gained a few pounds since the days he had played a fast game of second base for the "Gray Cats," a neighborhood team. But, standing 5'11", he told himself he would still be able to hold his own with the new crop of youngsters who wore the "Gray Cat" jerseys this year.

He walked into the water, grinning, dove into the middle of a high wave, feeling his body coming alive in a good young way.

He swam out past where the waves began and floated on his back for a long time, thinking, remembering.

Then he saw someone swimming out towards him. He could not tell whether it was a man or a woman for several moments.

The swimmer turned out to be a young girl, deeply tanned, beautiful, her short black hair flattened down by the water.

She was startled briefly when she noticed Max. She smiled quickly and said, "I don't usually have company this early in the morning." She floated a few feet away from Max.

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"We don't exactly make a crowd," he said. She didn't answer. They floated in silence for a few minutes, almost side-by-side.

Max felt slightly awkward. He hadn't been alone with a single girl for... he was surprised by the possibility that it could be years!

He turned his head to watch her. He could see her body through the water. She had long, fine legs. He couldn't tell about her breasts, lying on her back as she was.

Moments later, when the swim back to shore, Max following her, he saw her breasts as she stood up in the shallow water. They were, like the rest of her body, superb. She was wearing a white bikini that could be duplicated with three ordinary handkerchiefs.

Max stood up. He watched her walk to a large yellow beach towel that had already been spread and secured by sandals, handbag and a book at the four corners.

She did not bother to dry herself. She lay down on her belly, undid the strap of her skimpy bra and rested her head on her folded arms.

Max walked up the beach to where she was stretched out. Standing over her, he said, "Mind if I join you?"

She smiled up at him in a friendly way and said, "Of course not. Please do. I like company." Holding the bra in place, she wriggled over to make room for him on the large towel. Max lay down beside her, also on his belly so he could see her more easily.

They talked for a while. Max told her he was from Dallas. She worked as a secretary at the hotel where Max and Helen were staying. She told him she never came out to the beach during the crowded hours. "I don't like crowds," she said. "They always stare at you and then judge you. I like the company of people who swim either very early in the morning or very late at night."

"Will you be swimming tonight?" Max asked her.

She smiled at him in a teasing, but still friendly way. "Will your wife let you out alone at night?" she asked him.

"If I'm a good boy all day," Max said.

She laughed. "Around midnight," she said. "O.K.?"

"Here?"

"Midnight then," Max said.

And as he walked back along the beach a few minutes later, he grinned. He was pleased with himself. He was surprised. He was a little confused. But most of all—he was very happy.



"Should WW III erupt at this moment, Miss Gurnsey, you and I could very well be the progenitors of a new civilization!"

All that day, Max kept thinking about the girl. The mere thought of her made him feel old one moment, young the next.

He did everything he could think of to show Helen a good time. They had a fine Spanish dinner at a little place in town. They had martinis, a big red wine and then brandy with dinner. When they returned to their hotel, Max steered Helen into the small bar that overlooked the water. He ordered three more brandies for each of them. He knew that Helen always got sleepy when she had enough brandy to drink. And true to form, shortly after eleven, she began to yawn, and after one more brandy, she asked Max if they couldn't go to their room.

"Forgive me, darling," she said. "But I'm afraid I'm soused and sleepy. Terribly sleepy!"

As they climbed the single flight of stairs to their room, it amused Max to think that usually it worked the other way around—you get the lady drunk so she'll say yes in bed. Now he had gotten the lady drunk so she would just fall asleep in bed... which she did.

Max put on a pair of trunks under his trousers, left the room quietly and went out onto the empty beach.

He walked to where he had met the girl that morning. No one was there. He sat down, watched the sea for a few minutes. Then he got up and began walking slowly back and forth. As he did, he began imagining all the happy things that could happen on this night. He delighted himself in his imagination for a long time. But he soon came back to where he was standing alone and he began to wonder simply whether she would even show up. Had she been just playing him along, he asked himself.

She intended to be standing next to him even before he saw her. He turned slightly and there she was.

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Max smiled. He said, "I'm glad you came."

"Did you think I wouldn't?" she asked him.

Max shrugged. "Women have been known to change their minds," he said.

"Oh, that's no fun," she said. Then her face lit up in the moonlight with all the freshness in the world and she said, "I know a very secret place. Would you like me to take you to it?"

Max said nothing. He took her hand. They began walking down the beach, away from the hotel.

She took him to a cove around a half-mile from where they had met. It was out of view of the hotel. At the far edge of the curving beach, there was a cave. She led him to it.

"Children come here to play in the afternoon," she told Max. "They always know where the best hiding places are."

Max smiled and reached a few feet into the cave so Max could see her as she removed her blue cotton dress. She was wearing another white bikini.

Max stood in silence, looking at her. She was almost too beautiful to believe. But when she finally broke the silence with her happy laugh, Max could believe she was really there.

She ran out of the cave, across the narrow strip of beach and into the water. Max got out of his clothes as fast as he could and followed her.

She swam out more than fifty yards, stopped. When Max reached her, she said, "Look!" She began to wave her arms back and forth in the water. Streams of phosphorus streaked out after her arms like the tails of two comets. Then she churned the water up with both her hands and feet and the sparks covered her. She laughed. "Isn't it beautiful?" she asked him.

Max moved closer and tried to take her in his arms while treading water. She slipped nimbly away from him, laughing. But an instant later, she swam back to him, placed her mouth inches away from his. Max kissed her. Her arms moved up around his neck. Max had to tread water for them both as their mouths remained joined.

"Let's go back," she said, her lips moving against him. She let go of him and began swimming towards shore.

When they both were standing in the shallow water, Max kissed her again, then lifted her in his arms.

She smiled, leaned her head against his chest and said, "Yes, I like this."

Max carried her into the cave, setting her down gently on the damp sand. He began to untie the knot that held her bra in place.

"If I fought you off for a minute or two, I'd feel very ashamed of myself," she said. Max removed the bra. "I don't want to be proper that way," she added. He removed the rest of her bikini.

"I'll bet mermaids who used to lure sailors up onto the rocks looked like you," Max said after a few moments of just standing there and looking at her.

She smiled in a soft and mischievous way. "I have a certain advantage over mermaids," she said. "Don't you think so?"

Max laughed quietly. He removed his trunks. "I think so," he said. He took her hand as he lay himself down on the sand and she let him draw her down beside him.

Max kissed her, feeling the full length of her body against him now. Slowly she opened her mouth. He felt her tongue play on his lips, then inside his mouth. He quickly did the same and her mouth became suddenly hungry and wild. Max felt every inch of his body spring to life as they moved easily from one pleasure to another, not leaving a thing out that he could imagine. She had as much control over her body as a virtuoso has over his instrument.

And she was definitely not a mermaid.

They made love and fell half-asleep and then made love again and slept and awoke another time.

For the first time in years, Max felt like the young man of himself again. He did not figure 31 to be old. But it was not the years a man has that make him old—it's the way he feels about himself. And he had, he knew now, been thinking himself old. Now, with her body wrapped happily around him, the young man was alive again. And as he lay quietly beside her when they were finally done, Max knew that that was what had been at the core of his discontent.

They paused at the mouth of the cave. Max turned her to him, kissed her gently on the mouth.

"Tomorrow night?" he asked.

She said, "Yes."

"Here."

She nodded.

Max couldn't remember when he had been this happy, this full of himself.

When he awoke the next morning, the happiness was still there. He felt like a new man. Hell—he could take the whole world in the palms of his two hands and hold it! That's how he felt.

He saw Helen standing in front of the windows, looking out. She had already dressed. She was wearing a blue and white short-skirted outfit that showed off her fine long legs and her glib bosom.

She turned when she heard him stirring in bed.

"Very lazy man," she said with good humor.

Max stared at her in a way that, after a few moments, made her look down to see if anything was wrong with her dress. "Very beautiful woman," Max said.

Helen was surprised by his words. "Well now" was all she could manage to say.

Max nodded. "Definitely a very beautiful woman," he said.

"A hungry one too," Helen said. "It's almost noon. You don't want a starved wife on your hands, do you?"

"Not on my hands," Max said. "In my bed."

"Fresh!" Helen said. "Making passes at your own wife before breakfast! It's not decent."

Max got out of bed, took Helen in his arms. He looked down at her face and was surprised and very pleased that he seemed to be seeing her beauty again almost for the first time and he was feeling her excitement again too.

But she slipped out of his arms and said, "Breakfast."

"If I have to chase you the whole damn day," Max said, "I'll get you, you know. Sooner or later..."

"Let's eat," she said.

All through that day, Max tried to piece together what had happened to him. He felt younger. But that was only part of it. The whole world around him was younger too, fresher, more exciting, more beautiful. The minor gripes had dissolved up into thin air and the major joys became everything.

When they returned to their room after dinner and a few Polynesian rum drinks at a bar that was decorated with canoes and fishing gear, Max said, "Let's go for a swim."

Helen looked over at the clock. "It's almost midnight," she said.

"We'll have the ocean to ourselves," Max said. "A whole hell-of-a-big ocean all for you and me."

"Darling—it's much too late," she said.

"Besides it's not safe to be out there alone. We can get in enough swimming during the day."

"Not like this," he insisted. He took her in his arms, kissed her. "All to ourselves," he said. "Come on..."

"You've gone crazy," she said.



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"Definitely," Max said. He started to undress. She made no move to stop him.

Max, without thinking about it, took Helen to the beach where he had gone swimming with the young girl. When he saw the cave, he suddenly realized what he had done. The girl could come along at any moment.

"Darling—come in!" Helen called. "It's wonderful."

Max looked out at the sea, saw Helen floating on her back. He glanced up towards the hotel, saw no one coming.

Max removed his trousers. He walked in slowly. When the water reached his waist, he began to swim towards Helen.

"It's beautiful out here, just the two of us," she said.

Max looked back at the beach again to see if the girl was there. The beach was empty. He turned back to his wife, moved in close to her and placing one hand under her to steady her, he leaned over, kissed both her breasts.

"You're getting very horny, my dear," she said, smiling at him.

"You're getting very beautiful," he said. He kissed her. She put both arms around his neck and her legs around his waist.

"We'll probably sink to the bottom if we keep this up," Helen said. She kissed him mouth.

"But we'll have a hell of a time on the way down," said Max.

They played for a while this way and then Max began swimming for shore, holding Helen as a life guard would hold a drowning person. She let him swim this way for several yards, then dove under him, bit his leg in a playful way and swam towards shore.

Max caught her just as Helen reached the shallow water. He picked her up in his arms as he had done the previous night with the girl.

Neither of them spoke as he carried her to

the cave. There, she stood still as he removed her suit, then his own. They looked at each other in silence. Faint moonlight covered Helen's body. Max smiled at the beauty of it, the breasts that were as firm after eleven years and two children as they had been the first time he had seen her naked.

He walked slowly towards her. Helen's mouth opened slowly as if she were going to speak. But she did not need words for what she had to tell him. Her mouth, as they stood there and as they slid slowly to the floor of the cave, played very slowly over his body and soon he was doing the same, both of



"Hey, Doctor Squibble, look who's still walking around!"

them meeting each other everywhere with hungry mouths and tongues and then thighs, buttocks, hands, the inside of her opening to him. She smiled up at him with joy and surprise. Moments after they were finished, she laughed softly against his chest and said, "O, my darling... my darling..."

Max kissed the top of her head. Not for years... he thought. He said, "Maybe if it keeps up this good, we'll get married."

Helen looked up at him. "We'll see," she said smiling. "I don't like to rush into things like that."

They lay there a long time, then dressed and started back towards the hotel.

Walking along the edge of the water, Helen leaning into him, Max caught sight of a figure standing on a high sand dune. He could not make out who it was. He wondered if it was the girl, if she had been standing there all the time, watching them.

Later, falling asleep, Max wondered if there had ever been a girl in a white bikini to be carried out of the sea. He felt Helen move in closer to him and he smiled in the dark at the good warmth of her flesh against his.

Perhaps he had only dreamed of this girl. It was a likely possibility. As he fell asleep, he did not consider it very important one way or another; if it was a dream, if it was not a dream. What made him smile at the edge of sleep was that he felt closer to Helen now than he had ever felt. Now there was all the excitement of their being young and new to each other and there was also the knowing and sharing of years that made it better...

The next morning as they were packing their bags, Max found the trunks he had worn the night he'd met the girl. He remembered coming back to the room, removing the wet trunks and throwing them into the corner of the closet.

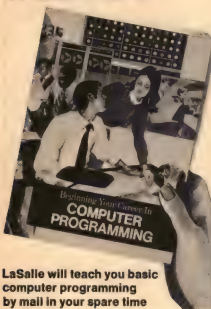
He knelt, picked them up. They were still damp.

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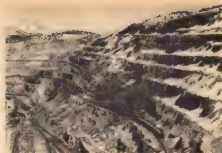
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something to his wife about, "there should be a law."

He's right, too. Because Oak Forest Camping Site is not an isolated case. All over the United States public lands are being readied for transfer to private interests who will exploit them for their own profit. There should be a law, but there isn't, and because there isn't here are just a few chunks of America the Beautiful that are now waiting to feel the bite of a bulldozer blade:

The Bitterroot National Forest is a million and a half acres of steep, wooded mountain slopes and valleys. It lies along the Montana-Idaho border and it is about to be raped by the lumber interests.

The White Cloud Mountains of Idaho, also public land, contains some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. It is about to be torn apart to get at the molybdenum ore that lies just under the surface of the forests.

As this is being written, millions of tons of supplies are poised in Alaska to build an 800-mile pipeline which could shatter the ecology of millions of square miles of tundra, the stuff the state is made up of.

In Wyoming three of the wealthiest men in the country are about to do the government out more than 8,000 acres of public land which they say belongs to them.

All over the United States, wherever there is public land, men and corporations have clustered for a new grab at it. All this despite everything we have learned about our environment. Our forests are being depleted and experts predict that in ten years all the game herds will have died and the streams will be too polluted to support fish.

Who are the people about to make these new attempts to grab government-owned land? They are the timbering interests, the mining interests, real estate interests, multimillion dollar corporations and wealthy individual speculators who are not above turning a fast buck at the expense of the public. And behind them are the politicians in both the state and national governments with connections right in the White House itself.

Public lands have been stolen, exploited and ruined for personal gain ever since this country was founded. Hundreds of thousands of acres have been denuded of timber, torn apart for minerals, overgrazed, over-farmed, turned into housing developments, hotels, shopping centers, highways, garbage dumps, industrial sites, you name it. Yet ever since this country was founded there have been a few men who have warned us to stop these land rapists. Of course, we didn't listen to them. Though now and then, as in the case of Teddy Roosevelt, some legislation was passed saving the public and the land from the exploiters.

In the past few years, though, a good many people have become conservation minded. Many realized that if something wasn't done quickly, we might never again breathe fresh air, or drink pure water, or walk on anything but concrete. There were enough of us that Congress began to listen and they even promised to do something about it.

In 1964 Congress appointed a group to study the publicly owned lands in the United States. On paper the whole thing looked

LAND GIVEAWAY

Continued from page 41

good. The Commission was to be made up of 6 members of the House of Representatives, 6 members of the Senate, and 6 people chosen by the President. A 19th member would be chosen as its chairman. What gave the conservationists ulcers was that when the members of the Commission were chosen, the roster was obviously stacked in favor of the exploiters.

Representative Wayne N. Aspinall, a 75-year old member of the House was chosen as the Commission's chairman. Aspinall, who's from Colorado, has long been accused of being a spokesman for mining, lumbering and real estate interests. If true, this is, indeed, unfortunate, for he is chairman of the House Interior Committee, which means that every piece of legislation concerning public lands must pass through his hands. How Aspinall feels about the preservation of land seems patently clear from this statement: "... nature is one of the worst offenders in regard to maintaining environment."

But not only did the Commission seem to be stacked in favor of the continued exploitation of public lands, the public hearings seemed to be going in the same direction. The exploiters spent a fortune to have their representatives present their point of view while those who represented the public were few and far between. After all, how many of us can leave our jobs and take part in public hearings? Typical of the special interests was the spokesman for the National Wool Growers Association: "We believe that the public lands of the United States would be more productive and beneficial if they were put under private ownership or under private management."

Five years—and seven million dollars—after the Commission was formed it submitted its report. As *The New York Times*, in an editorial, put it, "Lucky for the country the end-product of five years of work by the Public Land Law Review Commission is a report, not yet a piece of legislation." The sum total of the Commission's report was that our public lands should be administered for their "maximum economic efficiency." Which means that if more money can be made by timbering land than hunting it or camping on it, why then so be it.

And that is exactly what happened. Two days after the Commission's report was made public the President issued an order to the Secretary of The Interior to permit increased timber cutting in the national forests.

"The increased harvest of softwood timber" was necessary, Mr. Nixon explained, to meet the goal of 26 million new housing units by 1978. The fact that the housing industry has been in a slump for the past four years because of, among other things, high mortgage interest, was never mentioned. Nor did the President, or the lumber industry, mention that 2 billion board feet of softwood construction lumber is now exported to Japan every year. C.R. Gutermuth, spokesman for the Wildlife Management Institute said it: "They (the timber industry) have been cutting the hell out of their own lands to maintain exports to

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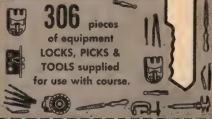
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Japan and depending upon the Government to bail them out by permitting excessive cutting in the national forests."

The timber industry will answer those who say they are ruining the forests by saying that, to the contrary, what they are doing is actually beneficial to the forest. Not only do they pay for the lumber they take out but they adhere to all the most modern ecological concepts. Just listen to what Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia, chairman of the Senate Committee on Public Works and a leading conservationist has to say on the way the forests are being timbered:

"On a visit to West Virginia's Monongahela National Forest I viewed an area of 160 acres which had been almost completely leveled by clearcutting. I viewed a hillside on which there had been clearcutting—despite the fact that steep slopes are not compatible with such operations. (Clearcutting simply means cutting down everything in sight. Timber men say they use clearcutting to make it easier for reforestation.—ed.) I am positive it will cause substantial erosion and other associated problems."

"The area was covered with usable pulpwood, slash and dying timber—a shocking display. It is questionable whether this type of management—which appears to be designed in large part to increase timber supply and revenues for a smaller investment of money and equipment—gives equal consideration to the total forest environment and to other forest values, wildlife, recreation, aesthetics, and preservation and stabilization, and water conservation."

But baring the forests for timber is only one of the new assaults on this land. For more than two years now the American Smelting and Refining Company has been trying to get its hands on molybdenum

deposits in the White Cloud Mountains. If it does get permission it will build access roads through this virgin wilderness to Sawtooth Valley where it will dig a pit 7,000 feet long and 700 feet wide from which it will extract the molybdenum ore. The company will also have to dig what are called "ponds" to dump waste in. There will probably be many ponds because only two-tenths of 1% of what will be ripped from the ground will contain molybdenum ore.

Most everyone in Idaho is against permitting the American Smelting and Refining Company to mine in the Sawtooth Valley. The entire Idaho Congressional delegation, all the conservationists and most of the newspapers have come out against it. At the time, the only person who stood out for being on the exploiter's side was the state's governor, Don Samuelson. His reasoning? "The good Lord never intended us to lock up our resources." Samuelson is now the ex-Governor of Idaho. But even though the present governor is conservation-minded, because of the Commission's report, and the fact that Nixon's administration in Washington favors the exploiters, the odds are that they will be able to get away with it.

Agricultural interests have begun to apply pressure on Congress to allow them to farm land which is now part of the public domain. The Commission's report specifically suggests that public land be used for agricultural purposes if that is their "maximum economic efficiency." Unimportant seems to be the fact that we now spend close to \$4 billion a year in subsidy payments to farmers to keep land out of farm production.

In Wyoming, on the Snake River, several of the wealthiest men in the country are now pressing to take over more than 8,000 acres of land worth close to \$80 million. One of these

land owners is Wyoming Senator Clifford Hansen, another is Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor. And the third is Laurence Rockefeller. The land in question was surveyed in 1893 and the surveyor made a mistake, which is what the government claims. Ex-Secretary Walter Hickel of the Interior Department, wanted to use this land for a new national park to take some of the pressure off the Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks, which grow more and more crowded every year. Hickel was ready to fight for it, but there is no way of knowing what the present Secretary Rogers Morton will do. There are conservationists who say that the reason Hickel was fired in the first place was because he was too interested in saving public land. What irks conservationists about this Snake River land is that if the private interests do get it they are almost certain it will be used for either vast housing developments, or strips of Las Vegas-style funhouses—or both.

This new attempt at grabbing the public lands should be a cause for worry and concern for anyone who appreciates just what these lands are: the hunters, the fishermen, the hikers and campers—or those who just somehow feel good knowing that somewhere in this country there remain areas where the air and water is pure, where wildlife roams in its natural state and where, with the exception of a passing jet aircraft, there is silence. But the hour is late, stakes are high and the odds are against those who would preserve the public land, as they have always been. If you care, this is a fight you should be in. A simple letter from you, your relatives and friends, to your representative, senator, or the President, telling them how you feel, can be of tremendous help. Time is running out, though. If you intend to write do it soon; once these lands fall into private hands they are lost forever.

But I've seen them in action. And I've heard plenty of gory stories.

One night a gang called The Chains rode into L.A. We'd heard about them. This was the first time any of us had seen them. And they were a sight to see.

They had four bike dikes riding with them that night, leather jackets and pants and boots and the chin around the middle. Like I said, you needed a program to tell which sex was which.

Well, you know how there are these little innocent chicks who are out to get any kick in the whole world until they fall right off the edge. They're ready for anything, even though they don't know half the story.

The Chains picked up five of these kids, rode them down to the beach and there made minced meat out of them.

I heard about what happened from one of the guys who rode with them. He was no pink lily, but after that night, he quit The Chains, it was that bad.

There's plenty of rape scene with the bike gangs. This one was different though. It was the bike dikes who did the raping of these kids and they made any male stud, the worst, look like Santa Claus.

These bulls carry around the weirdest kind of equipment and that night they used all of it. The guys stood around, like it was a show. That's the kind of guys that ride with The Chains. Their kick is to watch their mamas do the dirty work. I said it once—all kinds!

They just tore into those little chicks like they wanted to make sure they'd never want to ball again.

Some of the mamas like to make it with each other once in a while. I've been into that. And it's O.K. You know, sex is like Chinese food—there's plenty on the menu and you might as well try everything at least once. Also—an hour after dinner, you're hungry again!

How long do I expect to be a motorcycle mama? You've got to play it like the weather. You don't know if it'll rain tomorrow or if the sun's going to shine nice and hot. You do what you've got to do today and get your kicks the way you want them. I know that right now, this minute. I can't even imagine myself not riding behind Harry on his Harley, feeling the kick of that engine right up into my insides, knowing my old man's going to ball me good when we set down for the night, wherever we are. Or maybe I'll be rolling into somebody else's arms, if he says I should.

I dig my life now like I never could before and as far as I'm concerned, forever isn't last longer than tomorrow night. ♦♦♦



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middle thirties.

17. Does this mean that women of 35, say, will seek younger men to be their lovers?

In some cases this happens. But most women realize that there is much more to a happy sex life than the fact that a man can make love two or twenty times a night. Women in love do not keep score in bed.

18. Do older women make better mistresses?

There is a mixed bag of answers to this question. There are women who were lousy lovers at 20 and who are just as bad at 40. There are others who were good at twenty and who are great at forty. A woman with no sexual problems should mature sexually and become more experienced and so, more skillful as a wife or mistress. There is also a point that many experienced men have discovered. A girl of 20 will say "More," while a woman of 35 will say, "Thank you."

19. How is a woman's vagina lubricated before coitus?

Ten to thirty seconds after a woman becomes sexually excited, a vaginal fluid appears and facilitates intercourse by lubricating the vagina. The fluid comes through the walls of the vagina, because of dilation in the veins surrounding it.

20. Do most women enjoy sex?

Most women can enjoy sex. Many of them do not, however, for a number of reasons. The woman's own background may cause psychological problems that will prevent her from having orgasms easily or sometimes at all. Often these problems can be overcome by a skilled and patient man. Other women may not enjoy sex because their husbands or lovers fail to employ techniques in lovemaking that the woman in question may desire or even need before she can have an orgasm.

21. Does marijuana stimulate sex drive in a woman?

Marijuana, like liquor, can heighten a woman's sexual experience because both these agents serve to do away with inhibitions to a certain extent, thus allowing a woman to enjoy the freedom of a more complete sexual experience.

22. Is it necessary to engage in sexual foreplay before having intercourse?

With very rare exceptions, women not only enjoy sexual foreplay, they need it as well. The purpose of foreplay is to stimulate the female to a point of excitement from which she may, during intercourse, easily move on to the point of having orgasm. A lover who ignores foreplay is like a cook who serves the meat for dinner raw.

23. Where are the most sensitive erogenous zones on a woman's body?

Almost every inch of a woman's body can be an erogenous zone if a man knows how to stimulate it. The most commonly known and used are the breasts, nipples, neck, ears, insides of the thighs, the clitoris and the vagina. One woman reported to me that she could be excited to the point of having an orgasm by having a man kiss, lick and bite her fingers and the palms of her hands. Another woman claimed that the most exciting form of foreplay for her was when her lover manually played with her anus and with the surrounding area.

24. Do many women have "the prostitute fantasy?"

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tasy in an easy and natural way can bring considerable pleasure and variety as well to her own and her lover's sex life. A 33-year-old woman, married eleven years: "After the first few years of marriage, there are times when you actually have to become someone else, a fantasy-self, if you will, to add some spice to the proceedings. I do this by pretending for an entire evening that I'm an expensive call-girl or sometimes a plain woman working in a cheap bordello. I dress the part, put on the proper makeup, fix my hair to suit the character. My husband loves it when I do this. For him, it's like having an extra-marital affair without having to cheat on me. It works beautifully for both of us. I can do things when I'm a whore that I find difficult to do when I'm myself. I put on my whore's black silks and I'm a woman who could take on an army without blinking an eyelash! It's simply marvelous with a little play-acting can do for an 'old' married couple like us."

25. How long should foreplay last?

Fifteen minutes is generally the average time. Some women require and want less foreplay than others. One 33-year-old married woman told me, "I enjoy intercourse as much as the next woman. I almost always have a good orgasm when we make love. But what I enjoy most is the foreplay part of sex. My husband and I have gone on and on with it for over an hour at times before we finally had intercourse. On such occasions I go absolutely wild. He can spend as much as fifteen or twenty minutes just kissing and biting and licking my arms and fingers, moving very slowly up and down, pacing himself beautifully. Then he'll move on to the rest of my body. Other times he may go directly to performing *cunnilingus* on me. When he does that, I'll often have one or two orgasms even before we start having intercourse. When we do this, the foreplay will not last as long, since it is so intense from the very beginning."

26. Can a woman have an orgasm as a result of anal intercourse?

Some women can. Since anal intercourse not only bears strong social taboos, but is also painful for most women, it is not a commonly used form of intercourse or sex play. There are women who, while frigid during vaginal intercourse, can have orgasm during anal intercourse. Others find this act extremely exciting as a form of foreplay.

27. Can one woman enjoy sex with both men and women?

Yes. Such a woman is bisexual, meaning she can have orgasms having heterosexual or homosexual intercourse or by means of other acts such as *cunnilingus*.

28. How many positions are there for intercourse?

There is the old joke about two Frenchmen trying to figure out the answer to that question. They make a list of 74 different positions. Then one of them says, "Then there is the one with the man on top of the woman." His friend excitedly exclaims, "My God! Seventy-five!" I'm sure that any list anyone made would be incomplete. The human imagination is a most wondrous instrument.

29. Can certain foods stimulate a woman's sex drive?

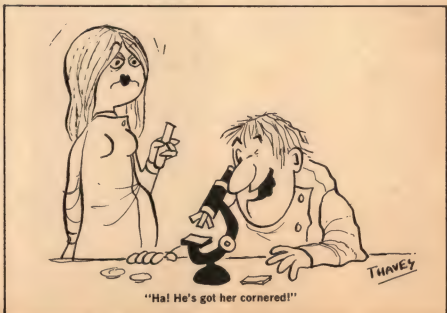
There are a hundred-and-one old wives' answers to this question. They range from oysters to chewing on a leaf from the *canaba* tree that is to be found only in the jungles of South America. It is highly doubtful that any single food can have any sexual muscles. But if a woman truly believes that eating a dozen oysters will increase her sex drive, then it usually will. But the increase will be due more to her belief than to the oysters.

30. Do women have a stronger sex drive when they are pregnant?

Many do, since they are now freed completely from any fears of becoming pregnant. There are women, too, who will try harder to please their husband when they are pregnant because they want him to desire her even though she has her full-blown belly.

31. Are single girls becoming more promiscuous?

The sexual revolution we read about every day in our newspapers and magazines is taking place. The pill was the first bomb to blow up the huge store of inhibitions many girls lived with. Once the fear of becoming pregnant was done away with, the rest came easy. Girls are starting to have intercourse at much earlier ages than they did ten, even five years ago. One 19-year-old girl who had intercourse for the first time when she was sixteen, said, "It's the greatest kick there is in a human life. Why should we wait? With the world ready to blow up tomorrow morning, I'm going to get all the sexual kicks I



can tonight!"

32. Do women enjoy being the active partner during foreplay?

There are some women who insist on taking the passive role during both foreplay and intercourse. The majority, however, wish to reciprocate for the pleasure the man has given them and so they will play the active role during foreplay on occasion. There are women who prefer playing the active role during foreplay all the time. Some of these women behave as they do because they resent the passive partner women are traditionally expected to play in their sex lives as well as their social life. The normal woman will enjoy all aspects of sex with her partner—giving pleasure as well as receiving it.

33. Do women enjoy performing the act of fellatio?

A 24-year-old single girl gave this answer to the above question: "I was brought up in a very strict household where there was always the feeling in the air that there was something 'dirty' about sex. Like a lot of kids, I rebelled something fierce against this 'dirty' business. I started having sex when I was only fifteen. I looked at least 19 or 20, so the boys never knew they were fooling around with a kid. I was, of course, terrified of getting pregnant, so I would never have intercourse—not until I was seventeen. But I knew I couldn't leave those poor boys hanging up in the air. I knew some of them would damn near kill me if I did that. So I just started going down on them instead of letting them lay me. I didn't get any complaints. For me then, doing it was no thrill. I was just 'getting off the hook,' so to speak. But later on, when I started having intercourse and began to feel much freer about sex, I began to enjoy the pleasure I was giving a boy or man. I'd become very excited then by the feel of his beautiful organ that would soon be penetrating me. So now I can really say I enjoy doing it and I get my own kick from it aside from the kick I know the man is getting at the same time."

34. Can a change of scene stimulate the sex drive of a woman?

"The second honeymoon" is a standard recommendation of marriage counselors and psychiatrists to couples whose sex life has become boring. A woman—unless she works—spends her entire day in the house. Her life centers around it. Women who have been married for any length of time, especially if there are small children who literally bind a woman to her house or apartment, can find great stimulation in a change of scene. This change need not be any elaborate trip or cruise. A night or two in a local hotel can work wonders. One woman who had been married for over 15 years, told me, "Every time my husband and I spend a night or two away from home, I feel that we're young lovers again. It's a beautifully exciting experience every time we do it."

35. How many orgasms can a woman have in a single night?

The record has not yet been established. It is well known though the most women can have many orgasms in a single night. Some women have as many as five or six or more orgasms during a single act of intercourse.

36. How can a man stimulate his woman to orgasm after he himself is finished for the night?

He can bring her to orgasm by stimulating her clitoris either manually or orally. He can continue to do this for as long as the woman wants to keep going.

37. What are the best ways to teach a



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38. Does having children decrease a woman's sex drive?

Bringing up children is the hardest job in the world. The ladies of the Women's Liberation movement know this and so would much rather work eight hours a day in an office than be responsible 24 hours a day for the welfare of a child. Caring for one or more children can wear a woman out at times to the point where she is not very interested in making love. This does not mean her sex drive has decreased; it means simply that she is too tired to be interested in anything other than getting a good rest. Men who understand this and help as much as they can with the care of their children will be rewarded with livelier sex lives than those men who believe child care is a task to be performed only by women.

39. Do women enjoy hearing "dirty" language when they are making love?

Many women who would never utter anything close to a four-letter word out of the confines of their bedroom, will curse like troopers during both foreplay and intercourse. Some will ask their partner to use all the four-letter words he can think of while he is making love to her.

40. Do nymphomaniacs make good mistresses?

Definitely not. "Nymphomaniac" is one of the most commonly misused words in the language. People apply it to a strongly-sexed woman or to a woman who goes from man to man, and is merely promiscuous for one or another reason. A true nymphomaniac is rare and is more often to be found in a mental institution than at the next cocktail party you attend. She is a tragic figure, a woman who suffers an insatiable sex drive, who can never be satisfied no matter how good the man she is with may be. The minute she is finished with him, she is ready for the next man.

41. In what way does a woman's orgasm differ from a man's?

First—it usually takes a woman longer to reach her orgasmic peak than it takes for a man to reach his. Second—she is also much slower coming down from her peak than a man is. Knowledge of both these factors is extremely important for a man if he wishes to be a successful and happy lover.

42. Can every woman have an orgasm?

It is the current belief of researchers in the field of female sexual response that almost every physically normal woman could be brought to orgasm by devoting thirty minutes of teaching time to explain to her the most effective stimulation techniques and by letting her experiment with them. It should be noted that what constitutes effective stimulation for one woman need not produce the same results in another. In almost every case, however, it is some variation on the clitoral theme.

43. If this is true, then why do so many women go for years, even for a lifetime, without having an orgasm?

With all our sexual freedom today, women are still caught up in the passive bind of de-

pending on the man to do the proper thing that will stimulate them to orgasm. Women still do not experiment sufficiently on their own with stimulation techniques which may lead to orgasm. They lie back and wait for some perfect lover to work the happy miracle for them.

44. What can a man do about such an attitude in his woman?

He should ease her inhibitions slowly, carefully and above all—patiently. Little by little he can experiment with different techniques to discover the ones that suit her best. Perhaps the most important thing in the world for a man to remember and to communicate to his woman is that sex is fun!

45. Will a woman always let a man know when she is not sexually satisfied?

Definitely not. There are many unfortunate women who go through a lifetime of unsatisfactory sexual relations, pretending all the while that they are wildly happy. The dullest woman in the world is capable of being a great actress in bed if she wants to be.

46. Do all women experience pain during menstruation?

No. Some women experience no discomfort at all. Much of the feeling women have about their periods is socially, not physically conditioned. Thus, on the island of Samoa, anthropologist Margaret Mead found that when she asked the women whether they experienced pain or emotional difficulties during their periods, they did not even understand what she meant. The only girl on the island who did know what Dr. Mead was talking about, and who stated that she suffered from menstrual cramps was the girl who was working for and living with the local white missionary family!

47. How long does the woman's orgasmic phase last?

The intensity of a woman's orgasm is in direct proportion to the intensity of the physical reactions the woman has felt during foreplay and the intercourse that led her through the excitement and plateau phases. Depending on the intensity of these factors, the actual orgasmic phase may last from three to eight or 10 seconds.

48. Is it true that French or Italian women make better bed partners than American women?

Much has been made of the sexual superiority of the European woman over her American sister. And much of it is true! Sexual attitudes and patterns of response and behavior are not part of our natural make-up as are our arms and legs and eyes, etc. The ability to achieve orgasm, Margaret Mead has pointed out, is a "potential that may or may not be developed by a given culture." Dr. Mead writes, "In France, happy sex relationships are postulated on the male's taking pride and pleasure in gratifying the female, in inducing in her a climax behavior comparable to his own. In France, simple copulation is never expected to produce such results." The culture of France and Italy provides a background for their women that enables them to be much freer with the exercise of their sexual feelings than the Puritanical background of the United States.

49. What do women want a man to do to arouse their sleeping sexuality?

Everything he can think of doing.

50. How far will a woman go to please her lover?

The distance between here and the moon is short compared to how far a good woman will go to bring pleasure to the man who pleases her. ♦♦♦



BIGHORNS

Continued from page 26

below. He had seen the deliberate creeping and settling in to wait until the ram withdrew from his pinnacle to the more open terrain.

Helgar waited.

The ram stood atop rocks, outlined against the copper sky, waiting.

Five minutes passed. Ten. Man watching hunter watching prey . . .

Then Helgar thought, ah . . . there you are . . . right where I thought you'd be, you bastard . . .

The man was rising, sliding his rifle stock to his shoulder in the same motion for a snap shot.

The ram leaped for sheltered ground, tucking legs beneath him.

The man tracked his flight with his gun muzzle . . .

The man never fired. Instead, he lurched as though kicked. He threw his rifle away and began leaping about in a circle, hooting in pain.

For it was at this moment that Floyd Helgar had shot him in the backside with a five-ounce load of coarse, common rock salt.

Helgar bounded down the hillside, following the ram. He was laughing so hard he fell twice.

That evening Floyd Helgar went into the Fireside, a beer and whiskey bar popular in the neighborhood. The Fireside is operated by a one-armed Vietnam air force veteran named Paul Denizil. Denizil started to say hello to Helgar, then winced at a roar of anger, coming from the Fireside's back room. Denizil said, "John Colfax is back there. Mad as any man I've ever seen."

"Yeah," Helgar said, pouring his own drink from the bourbon bottle on the bar. "What about now?"

Denzil said, "Somebody gave one of his clients an ass full of rock salt just as he's about to get himself a bighorn."

"Now who'd do a thing like that?" Floyd Helgar said.

"Don't know," Denizil said. "None of the others in back with him know, either, but they'd all sure like to know. They're behind him like a lynch mob looking for somebody to hang. They've been comparing stories. Seems they've all been touched by some hunting interference lately. They're pissed off."

"Hmm."

From behind Helgar, a voice: "Glad you're here Floyd." It was rough, coarse. John Colfax. A man of 45, rancher and part-time guide in hunting season as Floyd Helgar himself was.

Helgar turned on his stool. "What do you think it means?"

"Don't know. Maybe something. Maybe nothing. We've all been talking and it seems some little thing's happened to all of us lately." He was shaking his head angrily. "Anything happen to you lately out hunting?"

"Like you say, nothing unusual enough to mention," Helgar answered cautiously. "Running around out there, some little thing's always going wrong, even for the best of us."

"We were all just saying that the things that've been going on are almost like Vietcong guerrilla tactics you hear about. And you'd know something about that.

Being in the Green Berets and all."

"I hate to disappoint you, John," Helgar said. "I didn't have that much guerrilla contact. I don't think the things they did would apply here anyway."

"Well, it seems like somebody's out to get us here . . . Come on back inside and sit with the boys."

"I'd like to, but I can't right now. I might have to go down to Phoenix," Helgar said.

Colfax slapped himself in the buttocks in rage. "Stopped my client from getting his bighorn."

"You don't see many bighorn around here today," Helgar said.

"No. But there's plenty of 'em. The crafty bastards know to hide."

Helgar said nothing. He was thinking. *It's not that they know how to hide, Colfax. It's just that so many have been shot by men like you there are hardly any left.*

Colfax said, "If I ever catch the bastard who used that rock salt today . . . Wheyyyy!" He slipped a knife from his boot top, whipped it across the room into a door pane. It vibrated and sang there.

"If I ever find him I'll buy him a drink," Denizil said. "When the bunch of you go out illegally shooting protected species for nothing more than trophies I want to puke."

Colfax and the others were right. There was no "maybe" about what had been happening to them. But there was no conspiracy, either. To conspire, at least two are necessary, and there was only one man thwarting the hunters in the Silvercreek region:

Floyd Helgar, age 28, small ranch owner (500 beef head yield per year), veteran of three years in the U.S. Army (line soldiering and Special Forces), hunting guide in season to pad annual gross income (\$25-50 per day).

Stating it simply, Floyd Helgar had two basic feelings about men and hunting.

One, he was not against the killing, if it was based upon game management. Every animal hunted, he reasoned. Hunting was one of nature's ways of culling surplus wildlife populations.

Two, Floyd Helgar felt a kinship with the animals he hunted himself and guided others to hunt. He valued them. He wanted nothing to do with men who did not value them also. "A hunter has to think enough of his animal to want its meat or I zero him."

Over the years he found himself growing deeply disturbed over these principles and angry over the way hunters and game control people were blotting out certain species for their furs, horns or under the mindless aegis of predator control.

But it was the incident of the mountain lions in the spring of 1967 which really moved him.

He came upon them on the Kaibab Plateau, in a basin less than 100 yards in diameter. He said "God damn," over and over and over. Shining red lumps on the grass below, covered by screeching and flapping carrion birds.

There were perhaps a dozen carcasses. They had been stripped of hides worth \$50 apiece for bounty.

They were, had been, mountain lions; an entire pride of adults and children. All had been killed within the same moment or two; their bodies clustered close together indicated that.

This closeness confounded Floyd Helgar. How had they all been killed so swiftly? At the sound of a shot, lion groups fragment and seem to vanish. At most, a hunter or hunters will get one or two of a single pride.

But, after examining the scores of spent shells he found on the edge of the basin, Helgar understood. The shells were .45 short ball ammunition commonly used by the military in the old Thompson submachine guns.

It wasn't just lions. It was bald eagles and golden eagles; it was wild horses; it was bighorn rams. It was alligators, Gila monsters, coyotes, bobcats, wild pigs, grizzly bears. Everything. Everywhere. All going. The thought of the unhindered exterminations made Floyd Helgar ill.

Then, one day in 1967, he was out on foot in the Tonto Rim district and he literally stumbled over a "Getter."

Now, a getter is a type of cyanide booby trap which is the professional predator exterminator's most-loved weapon. Picture it: A six-inch cylinder loaded with potassium cyanide and primed by a spring or small explosive cartridge.

Getters are planted in the ground; half buried. Scented cotton attracts the animal. He bites and pulls. This is his last mouthful. Cyanide gas blasts his face.

Give the animal ten minutes if he is small; a half-hour if he's as large as the lion the getter is most often set for. The dying is convulsions, retching till blood comes, evacuation, loss of all coordination, bulging eyes, and finally suffocation.

A small charge of dynamite to blow off the head would be kinder.

Finding one getter in that place, Floyd Helgar sought others. For maximum kill effect they are usually set in clusters, like land mines. He found seven more.

Then, he urinated on them, laughing aloud as he did so.

Few wild animals will even go near anything smelling of human urine.

He walked away whistling. He had, in a small sense, struck back. And he marveled, it was so easy. Why hadn't he thought of such things before?

The beauty part of it was, the ways of such sabotage were subtle. They were harmless to human life. The opportunities were limitless. Chance of detection was obscure.

Thus, that spring in 1967, it began.

He poured sugar into the fuel tanks of jeeps and Land Rovers of wealthy men who came to Arizona's fine hunting grounds boasting of their kills in places such as the Serengeti in Africa and the Yukon in Alaska. Sugar in gasoline becomes carbon in engines and the engines never run again.

He was helpful to strangers seeking good hunting and gave them fine directions—away from the game fields and into barren canyons from which they returned with bad tempers and empty trucks.

He sprang illegal traps and snares. He felt good.

Floyd Helgar first saw the bighorn rams in the spring of 1969. They were a family; a ram with horns scribing huge curves, two ewes, two yearlings. Suddenly they were just there, working their way along a rim above bare rocks 300 feet straight down; moving where there seemed no foothold.

He watched them for an hour, using his binoculars. The ram was magnificent; he sniffed and posed and pawed the earth and intimidated his family. The yearlings received hard butts when they displeased or erred.

Helgar grinned. Then he sighed. "Get out of here old man and take your family if you know what's bad for you."

Helgar knew that once others saw them, the bighorns would be hunted and hunted

and hunted. The fact that they were a federally protected species would make no difference. That this one family might well be the last in the Silvercreek district, and one of the last in the state would make no difference either.

The bighorn ram is one of the important trophy animals. Some hunters hold it to be the most prized of all North American game. As he had feared, others reported seeing them too, finally. To these men, Helgar said, "Bighorns? You must be out of your head. There hasn't been a bighorn around here in ten years. Over-hunting and feed shortage and predators got 'em all."

And, because he was so persuasive in the denial, and because he was respected, people believed him.

One day in fall 1969, they were no longer there when he went to watch them. They had gone as swiftly and quietly as they had come. For them, he was glad. For himself he was sad. He would miss them.

The sheep returned to the area again in spring 1970. The first time Helgar saw them himself that year was the very day he shot John Colfax customer's backside full of rock salt.

Many tried to hunt the bighorn ram that spring of 1970. None were successful. Floyd Helgar watched some hunters from hiding on an escarpment, listened to the barroom tales told by them. Helgar was amused much of the time. The big ram seemed to know the difference between Helgar who came to watch and the others who came to kill.

Helgar followed a dozen parties on the trail of the ram with horns the circumference of truck tires. Not one party even glimpsed him.

After a month, Helgar relaxed his fears and became a comfortable spectator. The ram could more than take care of itself and its own.

Then, in May, one Felix Draymer came to Silvercreek.

Felix Draymer didn't look like much at first; short, slight, blond hair going gray, pale blue eyes. At first.

It all came out at gossip among the men at breakfast. Draymer was 50, from the east, rich in oil, a bachelor, a hunter who had been to every major hunting area of the world. He was one who turned his back on big parties and flashy equipment to take the field alone or with but one guide. He made dry camps at night and ate cold rations. He seldom slept. He moved with the game as the game itself moved. Or so his reputation held.

Draymer had heard of the Silvercreek ram. He had come to take it.

John Colfax boasted: "Felix and I have a great private deal. He's putting up \$2,000. He'll spend one week. If he gets even one shot at the ram, the \$2,000 is mine. If he gets the ram, he adds on \$1,000 bonus."

"Colfax, you know damn well that those sheep are a protected species. It's illegal to take them under any circumstances. Have you explained that to your client?" That was Paul Denzil.

"I have. He doesn't care. And let me tell you. For \$2,000 in these recession times, I'd take a man out to hunt down the Pope if I had to."

Helgar was worried. He followed, far behind and out of sight, as he had followed others. Several days' cold rations were in a rucksack on his back.

The man was good—better than any of the others who'd come for the ram. Just one of many things Draymer had convinced Helgar of his capability.

Stalking. He prowled from the ridges down during the hot daylight sunshine hours. At dawn and dusk, he stalked from the depressions upward. Air currents in the Arizona mountains move upward during the day, downward in darkness and shade. Felix Draymer always stalked against the wind,

so his prey would not sniff him out. The mark of a professional.

Two days passed. Three. Four. Five. No ram. No family.

Helgar, bearded and dusty, permitted himself some hope. Only two more days to go. Maybe the SOB ram would have sense enough to stay hidden.

No. On the sixth day he appeared at the north end of the valley. Draymer and Colfax were at one corner of a triangle. Helgar was at another. Ram and family were at the third corner, about a half mile from both Draymer and Colfax, and Helgar.

The ram sniffed in one direction, then another. He pawed the shale. He turned his head full circle listening.

Helgar imagined he knew the exact moment at which the ram decided his territory was once again safe and unthreatened by men.

Helgar swung his glasses to the other corner of the triangle. Colfax was making a thumbs up sign. Felix Draymer was grinning and sithering forward as easily as a snake. Helgar felt ill.

He followed the pair. Their distance closed on the sheep. A quarter-mile. An eighth mile. One hundred yards. Finally 50 yards. God, Draymer is good, Helgar thought.

Helgar prayed the ram would sense the jeopardy and run. Helgar did not want to show himself. It would make his connection with past interferences only too plain.

Helgar was about 20 yards from Draymer and Colfax.

Draymer was snugging the stock of his Weatherby Magnum against shoulder and cheek, readying himself for a fast standup snap-shot.

The ram was nibbling some stunted flowers.

To Helgar there was but one thing left to do.

He catapulted himself from the earth, bawling something like (he didn't quite remember afterwards), "Hoo-hah! Ram!"

Then many things happened at once, overlapping in sequence, no one separate from the others:

Colfax wheeled about. His face suddenly seemed to fatten with anger. "It was you doing all those things, you Communist." He leveled the muzzle of his Winchester .32 lever action at Helgar's head.

Helgar leaped at Colfax' chest, both knees together, calves tucked under.

The sheep screeched and leaped in scattered formation across a narrow chasm to safer, rockier ground farther away. The ram twisted to face the three men, standing ear

guard, head lowered to charge.

Colfax's Winchester went off. The bullet drilled through Helgar's left leg, then blew the cone of a rock to junk. Helgar bellowed in pain, praying he wouldn't faint from the shock. He flattened Colfax under his knees.

The ram flinched at the shot, turned to leap at his family.

Draymer was calling out, "God damn it, what the hell is this?"

Helgar drove a foot into Colfax' chest as he tried to stand again.

Draymer was tracking the leaping ram in his sights . . .

Helgar bounced on one foot. Colfax stood, roaring in anger, groping.

The ram slipped, fell, was up running, feet churning air, taking him nowhere . . .

"Got you now, you bastard," Draymer was muttering at the sheep.

"Like hell you do," Helgar pushed with his one good leg, slammed into Draymer's back . . .

The rifle went off, drilling a .375 grain bullet toward empty sky.

The ram was running . . . Draymer fired again. Nothing. The ram was gone.

Colfax was levering another shell into his .32 Winchester, yelling about killing the commie bastard . . .

Helgar slapped the rifle aside, twisted it from him, slammed him against some rocks. Then he turned to Draymer. "You have anything to say now?"

There was a mess afterwards, of course.

Colfax filed assault charges. They were solid. They would hold up, the county sheriff said. He guessed (and Helgar's defense attorney agreed) that Helgar might draw five years, with luck. He had been in serious violation of unwritten law when he attacked, namely, interfering with another man's hunt and livelihood.

Neighbors and friends polarized. Whether they liked Colfax or not, agreed with him or not, just about everyone supported him. Hunting was money; it was as simple as that. In attacking Colfax and client for doing so, Helgar was symbolically attacking the livelihood of all.

Paul Denzil stood with Helgar; he was the only one.

It was Felix Draymer who resolved things.

Without going into too many details, Draymer proposed that Colfax drop the charges against Helgar. If Colfax didn't, he (Draymer) would consider withholding his \$2,000 fee on claim of nonperformance. He (Draymer) would also see to it that illegal hunting practices in the Silvercreek area were scrutinized by state and federal officials, especially the conduct of hunters in connection with Rocky Mountain sheep. "I think it's a reasonable compromise," Draymer said.

No one will ever know for certain the reasons for Felix Draymer's action; he never has explained it. People who know him well claim he was deeply impressed with Helgar's determination and feeling for animals. He did not feel such high principle should be punished. Perhaps. Perhaps not. It is said that he himself has since begun questioning his own values in hunting.

Thus matters rest in Silvercreek vs. Floyd Helgar. Everyone speaks to one another in just about the same they used to, with just about the same friendliness or indifference shown before the "Helgar Incident." The crowd still gathers at Paul Denzil's Fireside.

And the big ram and his family still roam about Silvercreek. No one has tried to take them since Draymer, however. All things considered, no one wants to badly enough or possesses taste low enough to bother them.

But they are still beautiful animals, and as Helgar views things, no safer than ever, really.

There is always one more rich man who wants a trophy above his fireplace. ♦♦♦

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THE SEVEN SEA HELL RUN

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)



PRE-
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in height and weight and apparent muscle, he showed no traces of fear and kept stalking in. That meant he had good reason not to be afraid: confidence in himself—or in his weapons.

Don liked weapons too, except that he didn't have any. What he did have was nearly 200 pounds of bone and muscle behind his big knuckled fists. He didn't scare easily. He walked in, hoping this French-type hood wasn't carrying a pistol.

As they neared they became wary; the blonde lion against the dark leopard. And it was the leopard-like Frenchman who attacked. He leaped with blurring speed, not forward but to the side, feet together, knees high, then landed daintily on his toes, his hands stretched apart shoulder width, a tough piece of twine between them. He was an expert with the garrote, a skilled strangler, a very dangerous man. He leaned forward from the hips, still on tip-toe, in the classic position of the picador about to plant the pica, except his intention was to throw a loop around Don's neck.

Don had something going for him besides trained strength. He had the natural quickness of a middle linebacker and when he saw his opponent move to his left side, he threw a judo chop there that he hoped would catch him landing. But the string fighter was coming up with both hands holding the line taut, and it acted as a shield as Don's chop landed, making his arm vibrate and the cord sing.

Don made the mistake of not following up the first chop. It was only a fractional second's hesitation yet it was enough for the Frenchman to close the loop around Don's wrist and jump back, cross-handed, pulling Don off balance. He swung him crashing into a wall and Don had the breath knocked out of him. The string fighter peeled him off the wall, swung him again to the middle of the street. Always he stood in that delicate ballet fashion and now, as Don stumbled around like a gaffed fish, his leg swung forward stiffly and he punted Don in the ribs and there was no delicacy in that kick. Don thought the ribs were going through his lungs.

Again the flicking foot came up and this time he bent into it, accepted the jolt in the armpit, then locked down on the leg. The Frenchman was caught like a one-legged man. He jerked backwards to free himself and Don went with the pull, at the same time pushing the Frenchman's leg.

The string fighter toppled over and Don buried him, landing flat on him, squashing him, stunning him. No thought of the garrote now. The Marseilles hood had dropped his twine and was trying to get his hands around Don's throat. Don raised a fist and smashed him in the face, trying to drive his head through the road. But the Frenchman got a heel in Don's ribs, pushed strongly and slid out from under.

Don rolled to his feet, and rose about the same time his opponent did. The string was on the ground and as far as Don was concerned, it was going to stay there. He moved in, carefully now, not wanting to get hit by any more flying feet. Fists up, he bobbed his head, feinted with his shoulder, started a left jab—

The Frenchman started gliding away and ran directly into a long low right hook that Don threw from perfect balance; right foot planted, fist smashing ribs. The string fighter exhaled like a deflated balloon and his dainty tippy-toe stance became leaden footed. Don shifted weight, followed up with a left to the ribs, drove his man back staggering, threw a right-left combo still to the ribs and had him wobbly. He changed his attack to the face. His big fists like clubs, broke nose, cheekbones, knocked out teeth, shredded the lips. It was the fury of his attack and his punching speed that kept the Frenchman upright against a wall, and only when Don was sure he had busted his man apart good, did his fury abate. He stepped back and let him fall.

Sweating, he found his way out of the Old Town to the crowded and popular Rue Cannebiere, followed it to the Rue Noailles in the New Town, thinking all the way. That string fighter was too good and too deadly to just have been after Don's wallet. At least that was the only conclusion Don could come

to.

So, Don decided, he had to consider that his carefully conceived cover was blown, despite the assurances of the Interpol agent that it couldn't be, that his cover was still very intact else he would have heard rumblings in the smuggler's world. But that didn't mean that members of his own crew hadn't caught on to the fact he was a New York cop on special assignment—particularly that crew member who headed his own personal smuggling operation. If that was the fact, and it seemed to be true, then it would be logical to send a string fighter after him. Don would be "accidentally" killed during the course of a robbery. That's the way it would be listed on the Marseilles police blotter.

He climbed the crew's gangplank of the *Barzee Delta*, a large freighter of sleek lines which was rated among the fastest in the world. In the steward's cabin he changed clothes, rubbed antiseptic cream into the small cuts on his knuckles. From his bunk Frank Harper blankly watched him.

"Get into trouble?"

"No."

"Marseilles is a real tough town. Easy to find trouble."

"Thanks for the warning."

Harper grinned suddenly. "A fresh punk like you won't last long."

Don ignored him as he had been doing throughout most of the voyage. Harper was a needler, more mouth than muscle. He was hard to avoid, though, because the four stewards shared the same cabin.

The First Cook, Tom Davis, nodded at him as he reported to the spacious galley, looked him over with the same glance to make sure his white jacket was spotless, his pants creased, his shoes shined and his nails clipped and clean. Of course he noticed the knuckles. He said,

"No business of mine what you do with your off time, but hands like that don't inspire trust in the passengers. Switch with Bigelow."

Buddy Bigelow, who was dark-haired and would have been handsome if his nose hadn't been twisted in a fight, had a stack of dishes

he was carrying to the crew's mess. "It's okay with me."

"No," Larson said, "I'll take my turn." Serving passengers was a pain in the ass. Waiting on the crew was a cinch; you brought them the chow and cleaned up after them and that was it. But the passengers had a limited menu although a very large part of his job was to 'suggest' those items that Tom Davis had already prepared for the crew, or could prepare in a hell of a hurry. The ship's officers, including the skipper, Harvey Weston, ate what was 'suggested' they eat.

Dr. Wilhelm Correa, who said he was from the Netherlands, West Indies, and was a doctor of philosophy and not of medicine, was a particular pain in the ass. He wanted to talk over the merits of the wine although there were only two kinds—red and white. Then Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Byrd could never make up their minds, and if you pressured them, they became more flustered. Don figured if Byrd made his decisions in the gift importing business—this was a business trip for him—the way he made selections from the menu, then he had to be bankrupt.

He wished all the passengers were like those two dolls, red-haired Candy Vance and brunette Harriet Lang. They invariably took his suggestions and saved him a lot of trouble. That was his impression of them as a steward. As a cop he had that crawly feeling at the back of his spine regarding them. Candy claimed to be a school teacher, had boarded at Port of Spain, Trinidad. Harriet Lang, an industrial librarian—she said—boarded at Buenos Aires. Both of them were bound for New York, although taking the *Barzee Delta* was sure the long way around, but if you had two months to kill and no patient, then it was okay. They had different cabins but were rarely out of each other's company. He wondered if they had known each other before, or maybe had made a date to meet on this ship. And, if so, why?

He finally got the dining room cleared, cleaned up, and went to the steward's cabin. The one who had the passengers was always the last in. Joe Brody and Frank Harper were playing checkers for lack of something better to do. Buddy Bigelow was reading in his bunk. Frank grinned as he came in.

"Get any big tips?"

"That was a feeble attempt at humor. There was no tipping after meals, and no one knew it better than the stewards, although they expected an envelope at the end of the voyage."

Don read the work assignment sheet made up by Tom Davis, saw he had 36 hours off, decided to call his Interpol contact, and make an appointment with him for tomorrow.

Frank Harper asked again, "Get any big tips?"

Buddy Bigelow slammed down his paperback novel. "I got one big one for you, Harper. Shut your mouth!"

"You gonna make me?" Harper spun on him. Harper was bigger and stronger and younger. He had been trying to pick a fight with Bigelow since signing on to establish his superiority, and work out his anger that Bigelow, in his late thirties, was still a hell of a lot better looking than Harper despite the ten years' age difference. When Harper had seen that Don Larson didn't defend himself or answer back, he kept pushing harder and harder although he did it carefully. To him, it was fun to step on a big man.

"I just might," Bigelow sat up in his bunk, throwing the book to one side.

"Now take it easy," pudgy Joe Brody was wideeyed at the prospect of violence. His white hair showed he had been around too long to stop it, and in his experience a type like Harper, once he became King of The Hill, ruled with a rough hand. Therefore he

didn't want any showdowns.

"You were gonna make me shut up," Harper turned in his chair to face Bigelow.

"Forget it," Don advised Bigelow. "Ignore him. That's the one thing he can't stand."

"Advice from a yellow-haired, yellow-belly," Harper eyed Bigelow steadily. "This is between us, Bigelow. You were about to make me shut my mouth, and I'm asking you to try."

"Jeezus, no," Brody whispered harshly.

Bigelow flickered a glance to Larson, stood. Harper stood also, his hand dipping in and out of his pocket so fast the switchblade might have grown out of his fist.

Don stepped in. There were a number of slick ways he could take the knife away from Harper but they would result in him having a certain amount of experience in doing things he wasn't supposed to be able to do. The only method he could use was the crude one.

Harper helped him make that decision by spinning towards him, lunging with the knife. Either he had staged the argument to get Don, or had decided at the last moment who was his most dangerous enemy and wanted to take him out first. Whatever his motives he was coming in fast and hard, and Don threw finesse out the window. With his left hand he locked Harper's right wrist, forced it up near the ear, and at the same time crossed his right fist to the jaw. Harper's teeth clicked and his head snapped back as he ran into it, then started falling forward unconscious. Don made sure of him by hammering him on the back of the neck as he fell.

Frank Harper was bleeding from the nose and mouth. "Jeezus," Brody whispered. "You like to near kill him."

"He's fine," Don said, his temper still in high gear. He snatched Harper off the deck by a handful of shirt, dragged him to the stainless steel washbasin, stuck his head under the cold tap. Since the outlet was plugged the basin soon filled with pink stained water. Harper made struggling motions and bubbles rose and broke on the top.

"You're drowning him," Brody protested.

"How's my stabby buddy?" Don jerked Harper's face out, examined him, plunged his head back in. "Conscious yet? Want to breathe?"

Out again for another examination. "Aw, you're still bleeding. Back you go."

This time it was Harper who yelled, "No!" before he splashed under. He fought violently but was relatively helpless in Larson's grip. When the bubbles stopped rising, and the other two men were staring at him silently, he pulled the half-drowned Harper out, looked him over for a second while he drained, then disdainfully threw his head back in the water, saying, "You shouldn't play with knives. You'll get hurt."

He went to the telephone kiosk at the pier head, dialed the number that had been given him. Somewhere in Marseilles a telephone rang and the Interpol agent answered.

"Adonis speaking."

"Narcissus here. Go ahead."

"I was attacked in Old Town today, about an hour after talking to you. A string fighter. He was pretty good."

"Hmmm. Did you get his identification?"

"No. That was a mistake, I know. But what good? I couldn't have reported him to the police anyway."

"Still, there are ways to find out if he was hired. Unofficial ways, but just as efficient."

"Well, this is one string fighter that's going to need medical attention before he talks."

"Hmmm. Describe him." Don could hear the rustle of turning papers.

The Interpol agent listened to the brief description, then commented flatly, "Yes, that man was brought to my attention. The man is presently in St. John's Hospital. He was suspected of being an assassin. No proof

you understand, just suspicions, but since he had very little money he could hardly have taken a fee, or a portion of a fee in advance."

"Maybe he was working on a contingency basis. He gets the money when he completes the job."

"Perhaps. Is there any definite reason to think you have been uncovered?"

"Nothing definite."

"Then we have to work on the assumption you are still safe. I am glad you called. There is a certain matter we have to discuss and I think we should meet."

"I have liberty tomorrow."

"Good! Memorize this number-33-28-33. Call it tomorrow and I will have arrangements made."

Don went back aboard the ship. The cabin was dark except for the light over his bunk. On the chair next to it was a bottle of beer and a thick corned beef sandwich on rye with plenty of mustard, his favorite midnight snack.

Frank Harper rose from his bunk, came over. He tried to smile pleasantly which just further distorted his ugly face. "Thought I'd save you a trip to the galley. It's okay, isn't it?"

"Yeah, sure, it's okay."

"No hard feelings?"

"None."

Don ate the sandwich at the writing table and went to bed. Actually, he would have preferred to have gone to the galley for his own snack to keep an eye on the cooks. They took aboard a vast store of provisions at every port and it was conceivable one of them, or all of them, could be smuggling articles of high value from country to country.

He went to bed sighing.

Next day he had to pass Candy Vance and Harriet Lang dawdling around the passenger's gangplank. Candy noticed his dungarees and light turtle neck sweater, which was definitely undress for him.

"Going to town?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Sightseeing?"

"No. Personal business," he emphasized 'personal.' She could make out of that what she wanted, including getting drunk, or getting laid, or both.

He idled across to the Old Town, found a telephone booth, dialed the memorized number. It was promptly picked up, and the Interpol agent gave him his directions.

"Madame Fabierge runs a warehouse, 26 Rue de Soldats Anciens, near the Boulevard des Dames. Can you find it?"

"I guess so."

"Of course she'll admit you. At this hour there is little business. Ask for M'air Jolly and she'll show you to me. Give me an hour, counting from now, to complete arrangements. See you then."

Don left the phone booth and almost walked into Candy Vance and Harriet Lang. Harriet was the spokesman this time.

"Don, is the Marseilles waterfront as bad as is written in the guide books?"

"It's according to what you want. Souvenir shops are okay if you don't mind wasting money on junk. I wouldn't recommend the tattoo parlors. Hepatitis."

"How about the bars? A real low-down, authentic dive?"

"One type of girl goes in them alone. The other types don't."

"Oh. That bad. It seems a shame to go home without being able to say we were in a waterfront joint."

"Probably most people won't ask you."

Candy Vance broke in. "It's for the sake of the adventure. Feminine curiosity. Come on, Don, if you're not doing anything, we're buying."

Don looked at his watch. He did have time to kill. "I'll buy one," he agreed, "then I have

to go."

It was a place that could be very rough, that was evident from the moment they entered. Already it was fairly crowded, its clientele composed of sailors of all navies, dock workers, men of work they didn't talk about, and girls plying their historical trade, looking drawn and tired. The males in the place turned and looked at them as they entered, and many of them made expressive and indecent Mediterranean gestures of appreciation. Don led them to a table and the bartender condescended to bring them three glasses of wine. An Algerian, correctly guessing their nationality, suggested that if they wanted further excitement, whether to watch or to join, he could guide them to an address. Don told him to beat it, and when he was brushed off, the rest of the patrons accepted the fact that it was Americans slumming, and went about their business.

Candy said, "Don't you think he's good looking?"

Harriet deliberated. "He's certainly very well built."

"I think that adds to the attraction. I don't like the scrawny type, I go for the muscular ones."

"But you can't be sure they won't turn to fat later on."

"Thin ones get fat, and then what do you have? A balloon on toothpicks. Take the best you can get to start with, and then hope."

Don realized they were talking about him, making a game of it. A game he too could play. "Both of you have your figures now, but what guarantee they'll last past thirty?"

My point exactly," Harriet nodded. "Live now, pay later."

"You're agreeing with me then. I always said Suburbia and kids and nine-to-five is for when you can't get boy friends and can't get rid of the pounds."

Don, Harriet turned to him, "can you be seduced?"

"Into what?"

"Sex, of course. Is there anything else?"

"Isn't it my prerogative to do the seducing?"

"All right then," Candy interrupted, "are you for sale?"

"Are you?"

"You're using the Socratic method of

arguing, answering a question with a question. No fair. They say everybody has a price. Do you?"

"I remember reading about Winston Churchill. He asked a woman if she'd sleep with him for a million pounds. She said yes. Then he asked if she'd sleep with him for five pounds. She was shocked, and asked him what he thought she was. He said that had already been determined, now they were just haggling over price."

The girls laughed at the story. Candy said, "There's a moral there somewhere. I think you're making a point."

"I just thought it was a funny story that went with the subject," he looked at his watch. "Now I have to go. I don't advise you staying here unless you want some 'feisty' proposals, everything from postcards to the real thing."

"Where can we go," Harriet wondered.

"There're some old churches, a museum, and a university. All recommended by the guide book."

Candy stood. "The museum sounds the least grim. Let's go."

The Boulevard des Dames wasn't hard to find, and once there, he scouted it for the Street of The Veterans. Number 26 was a four story building that just seemed to have the one front door, although there was probably a back one too. The ground floor windows looked like they were well-secured against thieves. One of the things Don had been taught was never to walk into a place until you know another way of getting out, and in this case, any window would do; he could come crashing through.

The plain door was flush with the sidewalk, the bell set into the stone framing the side. Madame Fabierge was in her fifties, still lean, dressed in a slack suit, had thick glasses and frizzy brown hair that looked like a chore to comb.

"Bon jour," her voice was slightly gritty.

"Entrez."

"Speak English, please."

"Ah, you are American perhaps? You are early, but the girls are awake."

"I wish to see M^{lle} Jolly."

The Madame nodded as if it were a perfectly normal request, an old customer

asking for his favorite Cecile or Yvette. She led the way down a long dark hall that had closed doors on each side, lit by a single unshaded bulb. She unlocked a door near the end, pushed it open.

It was a parlor done in French Provincial style, perhaps the parlor to Madame's living quarters. The man sitting stiffly at the table rose, extended his hand, shook Don's a precise pump of one, two, closed the door and threw the bolt. He was a small man, who wore the functional black suit of a lower echelon French civil servant, the steel rimmed glasses of a bureaucratic clerk. His features were small, his thin moustache was neat.

Monsieur Jolly motioned to a chair. "We could get wine," he suggested.

Don shook his head. "Had one and it was too early for that. Bumped into a couple of ship's passengers."

"Are you sure it was an accident?" Monsieur Jolly sat forward, and from the wariness of his eyes, it was evident his whole appearance was a fraud.

"No I'm not sure," Don deliberated. "Let's just say they're not immediate suspects."

Jolly bowed his head curtly, took out a pencil and notebook. "Now then, to business. Gold has appeared on the Paris market, large quantities that were not released by the government. It is South African gold, currently being quoted at \$39.81 per troy ounce."

Don whistled. "And the Barzee Delta arrived non-stop from Capetown three days ago."

"Precisely," the little man read notes from his book. "Nearly one hundred avoirdupois pounds have been sold, and the selling is still going on. You see the extent of this, eh?"

"Won't so much gold break the market?"

Jolly snorted. "Prime buyers are governments, including the French, trying to increase their reserves. Of course they are not operating in the open. But that is not our concern. What was your major cargo from Capetown?"

"Canned meat."

"Did you watch it being unloaded?"

"Not all of it. I couldn't. I was on duty some of the time."

"A pity. I would have liked every case to have been counted."

"They were. I mean they were counted on the dock by a checker, weren't they? His figures would have to tally. And certainly a case of gold would weigh a hell of a lot more than a case of meat."

"On weight you are correct. On count you are wrong. Cases are destroyed by accident, stolen," he waved his hand as though he had just made some disappear. "And who is to say the checker is honest?"

Don rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "Three days. Twelve hours for Customs inspection. Then say the gold is unloaded in the first twelve hours. Could they get it to Paris in two days?"

"Easily. It is 550 English statute miles and no reason for stopping truck, train, or airplane. That gold has been properly smuggled, my friend. There remains only one question—who is the prime operator?"

Don shrugged. "Customs inspected the ship closer than I could. At one time or another I've talked to every member of the crew. They seem to do their job and that's all. The passengers are new every voyage."

"One of them could be a courier."

"I guess so. This idea of my being inserted among the crew doesn't seem to be working out so hot."

"Nonsense! We must look to the future. The smuggler—or smugglers—has had eminent success. He must feel very confident now. Surely he will buy something with the money he has earned from the gold, and smuggle it to the United States."

"Or England. London's our next port."



"The great part about this role is, there's no script to memorize—and it's a wonderful opportunity to use your talent at improvisation."

"Very well. Keep a sharp eye on everything that comes aboard. Remember they are operating on a vast scale. There could not be a smuggling ring without the knowledge and aid of a crew member."

"No, one I can pick out. I'm just not experienced enough."

"Do not worry about your experience. The person or persons we seek act normally 29 days per month, and for one hour of the 30th day they are smugglers."

"I keep thinking they know I'm a cop."

"If they were sure of that, you would be dead. The string fighter has not talked, but because he had only a few francs in his pocket, an American merchant mariner might have looked very rich to him at that moment."

"I hope that is all it is."

"Keep the eyes sharp, eh? I will leave after you."

Don walked down the long hall. From a sitting room office near the front door Madame acknowledged his leaving and the fact he owed her nothing. He opened the front door and it vaguely registered on his mind that it closed and locked automatically behind him. He was stepping on to the sidewalk . . .

He didn't see the Renault mounting the curb. Possibly he heard the engine because it was accelerating at the highest speed it could go. This, combined with some warning sense, alerted him to danger. Instinctively he stepped backwards—and it nearly cost him his life. Now the car bearing down on him was between himself and the curb, coming in at an angle, cutting off any possible escape. Don pressed backwards trying to find some concealment and discovered the locked warehouse door at his back. The Renault driver also saw him jammed there, flattened out his angle of attack to either blot him against the door or hurl him along the sidewalk to pounded pulp.

Don was aware of the mouse trap. Try to dash for the curb and he'd be caught head on, knocked a hundred feet. Stay where he was and he'd be crushed.

Again there was no conscious thought on his part. He was reacting. He leapt slightly, reaching overhead, caught the lintel above the door, pulled himself up, knees bending, getting his legs high and out of the way.

His sudden movement, his total disappearance from the aim of attack, disconcerted and confused the Renault driver. The driver could still see him, but couldn't get him, although he made the attempt. He went in at much too acute an angle and only at the last moment did he see the distinct possibility of crashing. He twisted the wheel to straighten it out.

The Renault roof went under Don's heels. The whole car was tipping precariously, tires screaming, engines howling, the driver rapidly losing control. Then the roof hit the stone wall beyond the door, metal screeched, sparks flew and the car was thrown onto the opposite two wheels, tipping in the other direction now.

Instead of riding it out to a four wheel landing, the driver panicked and tried to jerk it out. That did it. The twisted front wheels acted like a brake. The Renault nosed in, smashed the sidewalk, bumper first and flipped out into the cobblestone street, cartwheeling nose to tail, exploded in a giant fireworks display of flame. By the time it stopped rolling over, the flammable parts of the car, including the driver, were half consumed.

The warehouse door was jerked open behind Don, and M'sieur Jolly, needed only one glance to understand everything. Don dropped from the overhead.

"That was no accident."

"No. I think, my friend, you had best be very, very careful."

Don nodded thoughtfully and started back

to the ship.

It was a fairly open assignment. Smuggling of this magnitude took organization, planning, and a lot of criminal contacts. One man could possibly build such an operation alone, step by step, over a period of years, much as one man builds a house by himself. A man with the kind of brilliance and drive of the leathery First Mate, Doug Floyd; ambitious for command, and cold as an icicle. However, there was nothing in his background to indicate criminal intent, and most of his liberties were spent visiting his counterparts on other ships, seeing how foreign nations accomplished the same tasks he worked at. It didn't necessarily have to be Floyd, but there was an organization at work, and the leader of it had to be on the ship.

Another question had to be answered: where was the hiding place, a hiding place so secure it couldn't be found by experienced Customs Inspectors who were deliberately seeking it? Once it was found, the location could possibly indicate who was the responsible party. At least twice in each port that hiding place had to be opened: once to remove smuggled goods; and the second time to insert a new package of goods to be smuggled to the next port. This could be done only during a man's free time and in secrecy. And there is relatively little privacy for anyone aboard a ship.

So it was considered important to place a man on the ship. Now, after that murder attempt with the automobile, Don knew he had blown his cover, but how? He had been damned careful. The only identification he had was carefully forged. But the smuggler—or smugglers—knew. First the string fighter had been sent after him, and then the hit-and-run attempt. A shame the car driver had been killed in the crash. He might have talked.

Idly, Don stood near the stern, watching them swing copper ingots into the hold of the Delta. The men below were bracing them on their pallets with the wook known as dunnage, enclosing the pallet loads in a tight framework that would prevent the ingots from shifting during a heavy sea. At the next port, London, the dunnage would be knocked off the cargo and thrown to one side. The

skipper, Harvey Weston, would sell it to a timber merchant and buy a new load from a supplier. The profit from the sale went into his pocket, the expenses came out of the ship's operating account. This 'take,' legitimate graft, call it what you want, was the captain's privilege on all the high seas. But would a guy who took small stuff, stop at the opportunity to take big stuff?

Forward, they were swinging in crates of hard-milled, perfumed French soap, a luxury item but hardly profitable enough to smuggle. Damn near every ship touching Marseilles managed to find room for some soap. That wasn't what he was worried about. M'sieur Jolly indicated some other high-priced item would take the place of gold, and when you thought of Marseilles, you thought of the heroin converters, the tiny labs where skilled chemists converted morphine into heroin. Maybe some of those ingots were hollow and crammed with white powder. There were tens of thousands of ingots and it was impossible to tap every one. Customs wouldn't try unless they had something better than suspicions. But right now, he was suspicious—of everything and everyone.

They were preparing for sea and it was his turn to serve in the passenger's dining room. Dr. Correa stared at him out of greatly magnified eyes, held up a letter and asked him if it was too late to post it. Don said no, pocketed it.

Master Harvey Weston stayed behind after the rest of the guests and officers had left, lit a pipe with a wooden match. "Larson," his voice was sharp. "Why'd you sign on the Delta?"

"It's a job," Don stacked plates on a tray.

"You have too much class for the Delta. And too much experience."

"A guy still has to eat."

"The chow is a hell of lot better on the cruise ships. So's the money and tips. That's the berth for you."

"They're hard to get."

"After this voyage I'll give you a letter to a friend of mine. Nine months a year on the Caribbean."

"Thanks, skipper. I'll take you up on that."

As soon as he had cleaned up, he hurried



"The wife-swapping idea was bad enough, but when you offered to trade me and fifty dollars for Alice McKenzie . . . !"

for the deck, wondering if that was what had given him away—he had learned his lessons too well. If the skipper was the smuggler, he had him pegged.

Third mate John Hazard, a chunky dark-haired man about his own age, had the gangplank watch. Don held up Dr. Correa's letter.

"Passenger wants this posted. Time for it?"

"Five minutes and that's all. Do it at a run."

Don noted the address, a New York address. And he remembered Dr. Correa mentioning once he didn't know anybody in New York. When you came down to it, the doctor was taking a hell of a long way around to New York. Six weeks instead of six hours by plane.

In the steward's cabin he had a chance to relax, unless the cook called on him for passenger service. He lay on his bunk, staring at the overhead, trying to puzzle it out, fit the pieces together. The ship was grunting and groaning as she prepared to get underway.

"Dominoes?" Billy Bigelow asked him.

"No thanks. Want to rest."

"Liberty wear you out?"

"Sort of."

Frank Harper grinned. "You got to be careful of them Marseilles whores. They got international diseases. Knew a guy caught a dose of clap right here in Marseilles that was so bad that an hour after he laid this whore, he went to take a pee and his dick came off in his hand."

No one laughed except Joe Brody.

First Cook Tom Davis was making coffee the way the engine room gang liked it: hotter than steam; black as night; strong enough to walk on. The test of engineroom coffee was to stamp on it with your heel, and if you just made a dent in it, that was proper coffee. He put set-aside egg shells in to clarify it, added a generous dose of salt to replace that lost by sweating, folded towels around the double handle of the five-gallon pot, nodded to Don. "Take her down."

He hustled, not wanting it to lose any of its heat. He went down the ladder, hit the grating and shouted down to the boys on the plates, "Coffee up, coffee up."

As he moved forward to the ladder that would take him down to the plates, he heard the coming rumble in the pipes, threw himself flat. He couldn't hear the explosion because the noise was too deafening. Superheated air roared and thundered over his prone body, branding him with its own form of branding iron, trying to tug the shirt off him. Half way across the engine room, above the engines, it turned to steam.

Galloway, a fireman, was the first to reach him. Coming directly up the main companionway, he went flat, grabbed Don by a wrist and started pulling him forward. Chief Walt Sage bounced up an accessory ladder, watched them as he reached for a valve and started turning it without looking. The roaring diminished as he turned off steam in the line. Across the way, some other crew ran along that grating and picked up a downed man.

"Who is it?" Sage bellowed.

"Simmons. Something belted him."

"Find it. Bring it here."

Second Engineer Guardi bounced onto the gratings holding a clipboard. Walt Sage turned on him accusingly. "You were at the throttle. You put steam on the line?"

"No sir," Guardi denied it emphatically, holding out the clipboard. "I was making the four bells inspection. A lot of men saw me."

A few in the gathering crowd nodded confirmation.

Skipper Weston came sliding down the railing, a hell of a trick for man his age. "What the hell's going on," he demanded, peering through the thinning steam.

Walt Sage twisted the valve tight. "Don't know yet, sir. Looks like a plug blew out of a high pressure line. Just missed Larson here." Sage turned to the other men. "How's Simmons?"

"Took a hell of a bang in the shoulder. Doesn't look broken, just mesey."

The skipper said, "Take that man off duty till he's well. When you sort this out, Chief, report to me." He turned to go, stopped and stared at the hole in the pipe, and then at the pipe itself. "Don't you use this to start your turbines turning?"

"Yes sir. She's not supposed to be in use."

Weston stared at Larson. "You all right?"

Galloway lifted Don's shirt from the rear. A red welt marked the small of his back. "He'll be okay, skipper. A few blisters."

Don relaxed with a sigh. He knew high pressure steam, knew it could strip the flesh off a man's bones. He had been afraid his ribs or spine were showing and he was in such shock he couldn't feel it.

"Lucky," Weston muttered. "Damn lucky." He went topside.

"You men get back to duty," Walt Sage growled. "Where the hell's that plug?"

"Must be down on the floor plates."

"Find it and bring it here," He peered shrewdly at Don. "What made you duck?"

"I don't know that I did. Maybe I tripped. Maybe I was blown down." He looked at the five-gallon pot. "I spilled the coffee."

"The coffee to hell. You were damn near killed. That line is supposed to be empty when we're at sea." He suddenly roared, "Where the hell's the plug?"

Guardi brought it to him, looking peculiar.

"Here, Chief."

"Bitches and bastards," Sage swore softly, turning it in his hands. Even from where Don was standing he could see it had been cut back so that it had been attached to the pipe by only a single thread, and any pressure at all would blow it out. High pressure steam, well, the plug weighed about two pounds and its diameter was three and half inches, and it had been hurled across the engine room in an almost flat trajectory.

Sage examined the cut, saw it was fresh. "I put this plug in myself eight years ago when I took out the crossover, and you can bet your family jewels it was a proper plug then, and was when I last inspected it. Guardi! Get the inspection sheets from the New York layup. The skipper will want to see them. Okay, Larson, you can go. Tell Davis to give you the rest of the day off. And tell Tom I told him to get the sauce bottle he keeps at the back of the pantry and give you three fingers to steady you down."

Don walked out of the engine room, holding his shirt. Simmons had to be helped by two men. The plug had caught him in the muscle just below the point of the shoulder. It was one of those bruises where the veins and arteries are squashed flat. He'd have his arm in a sling for a month.

The passengers had heard the screaming steam, were lined up. Most eyes were on Simmons. They whispered among themselves. Candy Vance looked at Don's back, put her hand to her mouth. "My God!"

But she didn't know the half of it. A dead line had come to life. A plug that couldn't blow out had blown out. No one was at the controls yet a shut valve had been thrown and high pressure steam thrown where it didn't belong. No one could know he was coming down with the coffee.

Or could they? Tom Davis knew. He might have a confederate. Don had always been suspicious of the ship's stores. They took on food at every port and turned back what they didn't want. It was a free and easy method—an easy way to smuggle. Maybe Tom Davis was Number One?

Anyway, it was positive now it was a crew member, not a passenger. If he hadn't been so familiar with engine rooms . . . if he hadn't known steam lines and the sound of rushing steam . . . if he hadn't heard the whine of the turbine engine change as pressure was taken off it . . . a hell of a lot of 'ifs' that added up to his life.

Buddy Bigelow smeared on some ointment. "Hoo boy! Just like a bad sunburn. How many feet away were you?"

"Enough."

Frank Harper said, "I'll take your turns for you."

"No," Don loosened up his shoulders. "I'll stand my regular turns. Got the easy ones coming, two crews' mess and a special." The contents of Tom Davis' sauce bottle was

SEX EDUCATION



THAVEY

"I don't know whether to give you an 'A' or an 'F'!"

better than what was served to the passengers.

They were crossing the Bay of Biscay, three days out of Marseilles, and he was selling a "special" where you sat around the galley and waited for something exciting to happen. The crews' mess hours were strictly regulated, and a cook didn't have to lift a finger for a man who was late because he had been pulling extra duty, but there were damn few cooks who'd turn down a request for bacon and eggs, or a sandwich. Any reasonable request for a passenger was honored too.

It was nearing the end of the eight-to-midnight, and the ship was rolling nice, and Don and the cook had their feet up on the table and were rolling with it, their bellies packed tight with fried ham sandwiches. The galley was spic and span and they sipped their coffee, and at the stroke of eight bells, midnight, they'd shut their galley down till morning and turn in. So naturally the phone had to ring and Jimmy Joseph, the Second Cook, made a face as he answered it.

"No, no, lady," he shook his head at the request, "no club sandwich, we're fresh out of bacon, take lettuce, tomato, turkey instead . . . okay . . . okay, plenty of mayonnaise," he hung up.

"That redhead, the Vance dame," he got up and went to the bread box, "didn't show for dinner tonight, guess the chop got her. Anyway she must be finished pitching her cookies cause now she's hungry. Get a coke out for her, put plenty of ice in the glass, she'll like it that way."

Don said, "What do you mean we're out of bacon?"

"I mean it ain't good for her and I don't feel like burning any and cleaning up afterwards," he sined turkey, put it thickly on toast. "She wants mayonnaise, she can have that, it's better for her and easier for me. Bring it to her, Larson, then turn in, any calls from here on out are too late."

Don balanced the tray, knocked on Candy's cabin door. "Come in," she said. She was sitting in an easy chair, reading, her feet on the bed. "Oh hi," she said when she saw him.

"You made a quick recovery from seasickness," he put the tray down.

"I wasn't sea sick. I had a couple of drinks in the sun with Harriet and thought I had sun stroke. It always happens to me when I'm in the sun. Goes with the red hair and the complexion, I guess. Pass me that coke, will you. You're a doll for putting ice in it. Couldn't get a beer, could you?"

"Not without getting the cook's cleaver in my skull. He's shutting down." He turned to leave.

"Hey! How's your back?"

"Fine. Nothing wrong."

"What happened down there?"

"It's a long story."

"I just woke up. Come on, be a pal, stay and visit. The book is lousy company," she threw it aside.

"So am I. I've got a bunk waiting."

She stood, smiling, locked her hands around the back of his neck. "Share mine."

"Come on, Candy," he removed her hands, "cut out the kidding."

"Who's kidding? You won't get a better invitation."

"You're pulling the same stuff on me you pulled in that Marseilles waterfront joint."

"No I'm not. I'm being honest. I want to go to bed with you. I'm not oversexed; I'm not even feeling particularly sexy at the moment, but it's inevitable we're going to be in bed together sooner or later, and now seems like the opportune moment because it's sooner. I have every confidence you'll have me feeling sexy. If you're particularly overwrought now and don't want to wait for me, that's okay. I understand, take what you want. You'll be back tomorrow night all slowed down and we

can enjoy it together then."

He took her soft waist above her hips. His thumbs and fingers could almost touch. It had been a long virginal voyage for him, not his first, there had been plenty in the Navy, but now he wasn't patronizing whorehouses in port areas. He had been lucky with the prostitutes in Vietnam and Japan, and when he thought back on it he got the cold sweats. Now he wouldn't even shake hands with one of those broads without a glove on.

But Candy was something different. Candy was . . . sweet. Sweet and lissome. Her milk complexion was flawless, marble with the flush of life beneath it. She smelled of soap. Not perfumed soap, just plain clean soap. She wasn't all made up because she didn't have to be. And she was honest, direct, blunt, she had read the question in his eyes and had said yes. That was real honesty, more than he had because he hadn't asked out loud where you could hear it. He pulled her in, bent, touched her lips and they were as soft as a pillow when you're tired. She kissed him back soft and easy, they both sort of exhaled and settled into the kiss, his arms wrapping her in, hers going up around his neck. There was no sex in it, it was more like a 'hello, a getting-to-know-you.

Th^eir bodies were close, though, her breasts flattened against his hard stomach, she could feel it as well as he. She gave an exploratory probe of her tongue, a tasting maneuver, a testing. He replied, probing deeper. She accepted, and heat flared through his body, burning his face and chest, then centering, centering.

She was wearing sports clothes, long shorts or short culottes. She hadn't been thinking of sex in that outfit, and now it was a barrier. He hated to break the kiss to undo the front of her blouse so he didn't. Instead inserted his hand between them and started unbuttoning the buttons. She took her hands from his neck, undid his bow tie, pulled it from his collar, opened his white jacket, slipped it off one arm, then was stopped at the other arm because he was using that hand to undo her blouse. She tugged, and he switched hands, and they both realized how ridiculous it was; they could do anything they wanted to do whenever they pleased.

They laughed and looked at each other and Candy hugged him in joy. He made her step back and slid the opened blouse over her shoulders, and since it was attached to the culottes, they slid down to the floor too, leaving her only in bra and panties.

"Now my turn," she said. She took off his shirt and marveled at his hard chest muscles while he lifted the weight of her breasts still in her bra. Then she unbuckled his belt and he stepped out of his trousers. "Turn around," she said, and lightly fingered the scar on his back.

He removed her bra and the exciting pink-tipped cushions were free. She smiled at him and took him by the hand. "Come on," she led him to the bed and paused once to strip her panties. Then she stretched on the mattress, arms overhead, legs spread slightly apart, her body open to him, inviting him, ready to acquiesce in anything.

He sat beside her and kissed each breast, then kissed them more fervidly while he searched the fork of her legs. Even while she enjoyed the growing sensation of eroticism, she asked him to come up where reciprocation was possible. When she felt the great manhood on him, she gasped, and groaned that she was ready, that she would rather be feeling it inside her, than be feeling it outside her. He balanced over as she positioned herself, and they moved towards each other and met as gently as the closing eyelids of a sleeping child.

For a moment's breath they were still, then he reared and plunged, she thrust and bore down. All softness and sweetness forgotten, it was a race to see who'd finish first, and they fought elbow to elbow, and tied. She held him by the small of the back and heaved. He arched, taut, plumbing her depths, and they stayed as if carved like that. Then she collapsed all at once; from taut muscle to rubbery bones, still open to him if he wanted her but beyond cooperation. He collapsed like a landing bird closing its wings. They smoked together during the quiet time, explored each other's body, knowing what it would lead to, and when it did, they let it happen naturally, not fighting or struggling, but each taking their own course.

Before he left, she asked, "Don, will we be



seeing each other in London?"

"If you want."

"Why shouldn't I want?"

"You're passenger and I'm ship's crew. Quite a social gap."

"You're ridiculous. Do me a favor and bring up my trunk. There're some nice going-out dresses I want to wear."

Passenger trunks were stored in the corner of Number Two hold, where it was hoped they'd be out of the way. Don followed the aisle made by the crates of perfumed soap, which barely counteracted the smell of copper, and stared for a minute at the cubicle holding the trunks. The carpenter had built it as they were stacked, and they weren't exactly the way he remembered them. Then the ship swayed and a shaft of light hit the floor, and he noticed the little debris, bent down and fingered it. Sawdust and woodchips.

The ship rolled again. Instantly he recalled what was missing from the cubicle—the proper bracing that held the trunks snug and fast. He tried to get out of the way, but the falling trunks hit him.

no passengers the officers ate in the wardroom and that wasn't his territory today. Lazily, he watched the unloading. Now the deck gang had to work. It was all sack time and jokes for them when sailing, tighten a brace, polish the brass; little odd jobs that let them get fat with good living while the engineer's gang sweated and labored. Then in port, the roles were reversed. The sweat was on the other gang. Give him the engine room every time.

Something wrong! He straightened up and stood at the rail. He didn't know what was wrong, just that something was. It nagged him. It wasn't something in his memory ... or was it? He turned 90 degrees, staring ahead, hoping to pick up odd movement out of the corner of his eye. Nothing but the unloading going on.

The unloading! That was it!

He walked to the ganplanck. Mr. Hazard was on deck, swearing and sweating, directing the cranes and the cables, shouting at everything and everybody, howling at the sky, "did you ever see such five-thumbed ignoramus in your life?"



"Care for a little adult entertainment while you're waiting for my daughter?"

He didn't think he was out long. He had a hell of a knot on the side of his head, and the trunks were scattered like the aftermath of an avalanche, but otherwise everything was all right. He pulled out Candy Vance's trunk and put it on a handcart.

Third Mate Johnny Hazard was on watch. He yelled, "What you doing there?"

"Bringing up Miss Vance's trunk. The bracing is lousy on the passengers' cubicle and they fell. Could you get a man to fix it?"

"Oh, go on, go on, don't bother me."

Sonawabitch, Don thought. If he had told him the copper ingots were shifting, he would have jumped fast enough. Proper bracing of cargo was in his department. He didn't have to listen to the squawks of passengers.

The Thames, London, The Pool, docking. Candy Vance waving to him from the ganplanck. They had a date for tomorrow. Passengers streaming eagerly ashore. Four days here minimum, maybe a week. Candy was going to take a hotel room so they could be together.

Technically he was on duty in the passenger's dining room, but since there were

"Five minutes for personal business?"

Don shouted to him.

"Get off my deck, you white-assed, soft-handed, weak-backed bastard. Get out! And be back in five minutes or you'll sweat in the hold."

An idle threat. Stewards couldn't be made to serve as deck gang, any more than could the engineering room. He went on the pier, converted a dollar into some change with a stevedore who considered it a souvenir, went into a phone booth and read carefully the directions about pushing buttons A and B. Checked with information for the correct number, dialed it, got Her Majesty's Customs.

"The Security Service, please."

A minute's wait. "Security Service here."

"Does the name Adonis mean anything?"

"Hold on."

A new voice. "Go ahead, Adonis."

"Aboard the Barzee Delta."

"Yes, we know that."

"It's the soap crates, the crates of French milled soap. At Marseilles, they were stacked in neat rows, neat numbers; they were

loaded by fours. I noticed during the off-loading a sling came up with five. There's an odd number on the dock right now, and all the soap has been swung away. It has to be in one of the soap crates."

"I see. Any marks or identification?"

"It can't be too well made. It was knocked together in the hold out of dunnage. I found some traces but didn't connect them. Look for a crate that's made out of different lumber, or isn't made as well."

"Thank you, Adonis, anything else?"

"No, that's it."

"Thank you again. Drop in at the Crown and Anchor when you're free. You'll find it interesting. We'll take it from here."

The Crown and Anchor was a longshoreman's hangout. They sucked a pint in two pulls, and had a gin in the middle. These were serious drinkers, and they didn't take to such nonsense as playing darts for a round of drinks because it was a waste of good drinking time.

Don sipped his half pint of mild, enjoying himself immensely. He had never been in England in his life, but the pub was no strange place to him, he had been to Australia during The Mob Scene from 5 to 6 when they'd swallow your arm if it got in the way.

A gentleman in a bowler, carrying an umbrella, whispered over his whisky glass, "Adonis, two blocks down in The Potted Pie. Private bar. Let me go first."

Don strolled for the place, entered to the clanging of a bell over the door. A bony gentleman whose blonde hair clung to his scalp stood up and greeted him effusively, pumping his hand.

"There you are, by George it's good to see you, must be a year, more! Herbert, two large whiskies, doubles. Sit down, my dear chap, sit down, we have catching up to do."

Don noticed the couple in the corner, the man sitting at the side of the table facing the woman, trying to give her a feel, and it wasn't that she minded, it was just that she didn't want strangers looking up. The bony gent came back with the whiskies.

"Now then," he whispered, "you were right, the soap crate it was, Swiss watch mechanisms, \$150 apiece wholesale, and after excise tax. Buy them in Switzerland for \$50. Tidy profit, eh?"

We scored heavier than we planned, followed the goods to a warehouse. Some men who work for a fair-sized fence came to collect it. They're presently talking; our fair-sized fence is in trouble but he's shutting up and protecting the gentleman they call "Mr. One." Now it's my turn. Who made the crate? Where are the goods stored? How did they come aboard?"

"I don't know—to all of it. Making a crate in the hold is pretty tricky business. Can't use a power saw because it screams like a cheater's whore. Yet you'd have to use speed. The hammering could be muffled by using a rawhide hammer or a lead hammer."

"Any possibility of a passenger doing it?"

"They'd have as good a chance as a crew member, maybe better, they don't work. Daytime would be best, there's enough background noise to hide the construction noise, but there's a lot of people moving around, and you never know who's going to enter the hold. At night, there's always an officer on deck. These are the problems. I haven't got the answers."

"All right. Simmons is in hospital having the arm looked after, so we know about the steam pump. Anything there?"

"Nothing! It's driving me up the wall. Just one idea. When they gutted the ship to increase cargo space, took out the inside hull that was supposed to stop torpedoes, they couldn't have taken out the inside hull in the engine room. You see, a steam turbine blade is seated perfectly. The least twist and those high speed turbine blades are going to come

right through the housing. Well, there's a space between the engines and the absolute keel."

"Very good thinking. A bit late. Customs thought of it seven years ago. The revised blueprints drawn up by Chief Walt Sage show the space under the floor plates. Any of the engineering gang could tell you that's where spare parts and tools are stored. But it was still a nice bit of logic; you're doing a good job. This is the first time we've stopped the *Delta* from smuggling, you know."

Don got up, still chagrined that his idea had fallen through. It had seemed wonderful at the time. "Thanks, I have to go now."

"Date?"

"Yeah."

"Anyone we know? We've been following all the passengers. All the crew for that matter."

"Well then, yeah, it's Candy Vance, we kind of got to . . ."

"Oh!"

"What's wrong?"

"You'll find out anyway. She took the plane this morning for New York."

Don felt like he had been punched in the belly. This was the second time. No warning, no advance notice, just let go and drop you on your head.

"Are you all right; do you want another whiskey?"

"I'm all right." Don pushed him away. "I'm fine," he shrugged. "It doesn't matter."

It was a very dull Atlantic crossing. For him. It was a fast five days for the others. Harriet Lang, on the first day out, hinted very strongly that she was willing to share her bed, but he wasn't having any. Not again. Not a third time.

Mostly he lay on his bunk and thought while Frank Harper told him to cheer up. He wished Harper would shut up, finally told him, and Frank, grinning, instantly agreed. In New York the dock was crowded because a cruise ship was also in. There was a group of men in mufti, including his father, waiting for him. He muscled Dr. Correa's trunk toward them, dumped it off the hand cart.

"Hi pop! Hi, gentlemen! It was a nice trip. Very educational. Anybody got anything on this Correa guy?"

"Yes," one of the men said. "He's a professor at the University of the West Indies in Jamaica. Why?"

"Said he didn't know anybody in New York. I mailed a letter to New York for him."

"That figures. He was helping a professor here at New York University do research on the *Carib* Indians. They've been corresponding for years. This is his first trip up. Anybody else you're interested in?"

"Don!" he heard a female voice calling. "Don. Over here."

He went on grimly. "A Candy Vance signed on for the full trip at Port of Spain. A fence was arrested in London and she took a plane for New York."

"Let's see, Miss Candy Vance. Oh yeah, we cleared her early. A school teacher. Had a boy friend, an engineer, who took a job in Trinidad, something to do with tar. Supposed to be a lot of it there. Anyway, he's two years gone with a year to go on his contract. This vacation she went down to visit him. Don't ask me what happened, they were talking together less than an hour in the hotel lobby, she blew up, checked out. Took the first transportation leaving, which happened to be the *Delta*."

"Don!" She was still calling.

He went to the Customs barrier. "Why the hell did you leave?"

"But I explained," her hands went wide.

"I told you I called New York and I had to leave right away so I could register for work. It was awful. They insisted I be there in person to sign the personnel applications. I told you all this."

"Who did you tell? Where?"

"In the letter. In the letter I sent aboard. There's plenty of time, Don. All the time we want."

"Okay," he nodded curtly. "Wait there for me." He went back to the knot of gentlemen. His father asked.

"What else, Donald? You're bugged. I know the signs. What's his name?"

"Well, he was a nice guy."

"Jails are filled with nice guys."

"I guess you'd better come aboard. He should be taking the goods out now while the rush is on. What do you say, pop, how do you catch 'em?"

"With the meat in their mouths. The best lawyer can't deny that evidence."

They walked down into the dark engine room, their feet clanging on the grating. There was a light under one of the turbines. Chief Walt Sage stuck his hand out.

"Who the hell is in my engine room? Get out of my engine room!"

"It's me, Chief," Don snapped on emergency lighting. "Is Third Mate John Hazard down there."

"What are you carrying now? Heroin?"

bathtub had been welded on the bottom of the original engine housing to make a false house, and there was a deal of space between the two.

"Come on out, Hazard," Don called.

"Sorry," Chief Sage said again. "I didn't want it to happen on the ship, and he said he could get you on the land. Then it had to be the ship after all."

"Why did you use Hazard?"

"Because he's dishonest. Because he has the deck watch and can get into the holds. One crook finds another."

"What made you start," a police inspector asked.

"Money. Greed. Never had any kids of my own, wanted to see my nieces and nephews get the best. My sister was widowed young, and I kind of filled in. Got to admit, though, I was thinking of it long before that. Saw plenty of money made in World War II and I never touched a dime. Shows what a damn fool I am. All I had to do was carry some extra cartons of cigarettes. Everybody else was making fortunes, and I was honest."

"What are you carrying now? Heroin?"



"Who cares about Hazard. Oh, it's you, Larson. Who the hell's that with you?"

"Some friends of mine."

"Well march 'em out of here, I'm coming up."

"Never mind, we're coming down."

"You're not. I told you to get out of here."

"Too late, Chief," Larson stepped on the floor plates. "Why the hell did you have to blow the plug on me?"

"Oh," Walt Sage rubbed his unshaven jaw. "What makes you think I did it?"

"Nobody at the controls. Nobody knows the lines the way you do. Nobody can shut down a line without looking at the connection the way you did after you blew the plug on me. You already knew what valve to shut. It could have been any one of six."

Don walked forward, leaned over the turbine. The engine sank below the floorplates. It was an odd-shaped housing, not round as it should be, but oval. Part of it was painted grey and the rest black so it wasn't noticeable and you accepted it as part of the engine housing, but a piece like a

"Wouldn't touch the stuff. Don't accuse me of it. Got camera lenses down there. Man-made jewels. Worth their weight in gold."

"Are you willing to sign a confession?" a Customs official asked.

"Yeah, sure," Walt Sage agreed. "But I'm not implicating anybody else. You've got me and you've got Hazard. That's all there was on this ship. My contacts you'll have to dig out yourself."

"We've started. We've started. Let's go."

Lt. Larson looked at his watch. "Well, Donald, your mother is anxious to see you. I guess we can clean up our business tomorrow."

"I got a date waiting on the deck, pop. Make my excuses to mom."

He walked down the gangplank, saw Frank Harper, shook a warning finger at him. "Frank, baby. You shouldn't have taken my letter. I'll be back tomorrow."

"Don!" Candy called to him.

"Coming," he yelled.

"Hey, Don!" Harper bellowed. "It was a gag. Where's your sense of humor?" ♦♦♦

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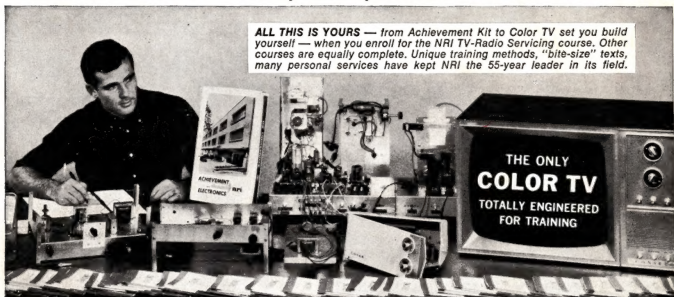
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